

THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1760

JANUARY 27, 1906

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THE LITERARY WEEK

ALTHOUGH we are compelled to write before the whole of the returns are available, it has already become evident that the new Parliament will be one of the most literary ever known in England, even although it is possible at the same time to say that it will contain an unusually large proportion of members who may fairly be described as illiterate. A curious feature of the time is the desire of the popular novelist to figure in politics. Fortunately he cannot be calculated upon to take one side in preference to another. Sir Gilbert Parker, who has secured an increased majority, is a Unionist. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who just missed getting in for his Scottish constituency, is of the same way of thinking. On the other hand, that rising and popular novelist, Mr. A. E. W. Mason, is to represent Coventry in the Liberal interest.

It is not quite the same with other branches of literature. At the head of the men of letters who will be in the present Parliament we may put Mr. John Morley without fear of any one disputing the place. He will have with him on the same side quite a brilliant band of writers. There is Mr. Augustine Birrell, who will come back fresh from the victory at Bristol; there is Professor Bryce with the renown that he won as historian of the Holy Roman Empire, and several other familiar figures. Some are new to the House, and we cannot help including among these Mr. Winston Churchill, who, though he has been in Parliament before, is always new. His life of Lord Randolph Churchill entitles him to a place among men of letters, whatever one may think of his politics. Among those to whom Parliament will be absolutely novel is Mr. C. F. G. Masterman, who, during the course of last year, published a book of Essays that proved him to be a thoughtful student of literature. It is understood that he controls the review department of the *Daily News*, and he will have as colleague one whose name is also intimately associated with that newspaper, Mr. Herbert Paul, who is returned as member for Northampton. So that it would appear that on this occasion literature is on the side of the big battalions, though we must not forget that in what would be the smaller army is Mr. George Wyndham.

The historian, the essayist, and the journalist take to politics readily enough, but it is curious to note that the minor poet as a rule avoids the House of Commons, his ethereal imaginings not, perhaps, fitting in very appropriately with the "matter-of-factness" of legislation. In the person of Mr. Hilaire Belloc, Parliament will have a literary man who amongst other accomplishments possesses that of writing light verse; but, so far as we know, he will be alone in the Lower House as a poet who has systematically published verses. Of course, it would be a very rash

assertion that of all those six hundred people who compose the legislative assembly there was no other who had sent poetry to the newspapers, but we cannot at the moment think of any one in the list who is actually known as a minor poet.

Whatever may be said of the literary standing of the new members of Parliament, it is certain that more literary art has been displayed in the contest than on any previous occasion. The distinguishing characteristic of the speeches delivered and the articles written has been cleverness, and this applies particularly, we think, to those compositions which are more or less in the nature of caricatures. For example the "Political Parables" which appeared first in the *Westminster Gazette*, although Liberal in their trend, can scarcely fail to delight both sides, since they are as good-natured as Mr. Carruthers Gould's cartoons. They have been published in a book, the author being Mr. Francis Brown, and the best comment we can make upon them is to select the following, referring our readers to the book for the solution:

Once there was a man what wanted to entertain an old gent, but he'd only got a bloater, so he give it to his cook and she put it in a pie. But some of the other servants said This aint no place for us! When theyd left the cook said, If they didnt like it, its certain the old gent wont. But her master said, Well if his stomach's queasy you must make it more tasty! Both the bloater, said the cook, I'll make a hash of it, & take a long time about it too! Oh, no, you wont, said he, youll serve it up when I want it—or youll go! This fritened her very much, & in her hurry to get it ready all the fat got into the fire and there arose a dreadful flareation and botheration. Whats up now? asked the man. I think Ive burnt myself, says she. Burnt yourself! says he, I reckon youve set the confounded House ablaze this time with your cleverness!!!

The daily papers have devoted so much space to the biography of the late Mr. George Jacob Holyoake, that we need not recapitulate his career here. Agitator, socialist, free-thinker, fire-brand, he lived through the evil days of a time that happily has passed, the passing of which was due to no one man in so great a measure as to him. To many his very name was *anathema*; but it must be remembered that he counted among his friends Mazzini, Garibaldi, Herbert Spencer, Harriet Martineau, George Eliot, John Bright and George Meredith. He stood for "progress" and all that "progress" is worth; and with the merits of his cause he exhibited in his own mind most of its weaknesses as well. He retained his extraordinary vitality almost to the last. It can be little more than a year ago that we heard him speak from the chair at a banquet of the Rationalist Press Association, an occasion on which he told over again with infinite gusto his favourite story of how he became liable to a fine of six hundred thousand pounds for publishing unstamped newspapers, and offered the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Gladstone) to pay it in weekly instalments of a few shillings.

He shares with John Bunyan and Silvio Pellico the distinction of having written books in prison. His gaol was at Gloucester, and he was taken there on a charge of blasphemy. The chaplain, thinking to convert him, brought him, among other books, Paley's "Natural Theology," and Leslie's "Short and Easy Method with the Deists." The prisoner, however, was allowed not only books, but also pens, ink, and paper. Having read the books with close attention, he proceeded to write pamphlets about them, demolishing their arguments to his own satisfaction, if not to that of others.

In his house at Brighton the veteran reformer had a number of interesting relics recalling to his mind the many exciting events in which he had played his part. Though he was a man of peace, he specially cherished two flags, reviving memories of Garibaldi. One of them was a flag under which the Thousand of Marsala liberated Sicily;

the other, pierced with bullets, had flown on the field of Mentana. Another of his treasures was a pike, manufactured in the stormy days of the Reform agitation of 1831, when Birmingham was threatening to march upon London, and the Reformers fashioned all sorts of miscellaneous weapons to compel the aristocracy to yield to their demands; while the troubles of 1867 were represented by a small bottle labelled "Mr. Secretary Walpole's tears." That distinguished Home Secretary was violently denounced by the reactionaries of the period for having refused to call out the troops to charge the populace when it pulled down the Hyde Park railings, and was accused of having wept when considering the possible consequences of a collision between the soldiers and the mob. The nick-name of "Weeping Walpole" was in consequence bestowed upon him, and phials of pills, each of which was supposed to represent a tear from the eye of the susceptible Minister, were sold at the time by hawkers in the streets.

The French Government, in spite of its anti-clerical policy, is the jealous guardian of those great movements which owe their being to the Faith which M. Combes has done his best to banish from France. Every historical student and every lover of the romantic and the picturesque must rejoice to learn that the Palace of the Popes at Avignon is to be restored, and redeemed from the ignominy to which it has so long been subject. The wonderful building which dominates the delightful unspoiled town was described most eloquently by Montalembert. "Je ne pense pas," he wrote, "qu'il existe en Europe un débris plus complet et plus imposant de l'architecture civile et féodale du moyen âge." It remains a fortress rather than a palace to this day, the more so that not a vestige is left of the frescoes attributed to Giotto, or of the world-famous decorations of the great halls where the Popes received their priests and enemies. For over a hundred years the Palace of the Popes has been a provincial barracks, and the larger apartments have been subdivided by rude partitions to make the *chambres* of the worthy *pioupious*, who cared little for the awe-inspiring fact that they were sharing their dwelling-place with the ghosts of many of the greatest figures of old Christendom.

The present state of the Home Rule question calls to mind a little-known essay by Carlyle, "On the Repeal of the Union." Written in the early part of 1848, some eighteen months after his first visit ("six days") to Ireland, and about the same time distant from his "tour" in "poor" Ireland, it shows his style at its best. Possibly the brevity of the *brochure* prevents its volcanic brilliance being broken by the incoherent chaotic utterances, which, as he himself says of his moods, "intermitted." Its politics, either then or now, do not come within our sphere; but the essay is a pathetic atom of the book of "Spiritual Sketches" he intended to write on the "Sister Island," which was to "begin with St. Colm, and end with the rakes of Mallow," and which would never get itself so much as written, still less published. "There is no established paper," he wrote, "that can stand my articles, no single one they would not blow the bottom out of." And his difficulties with "Sartor Resartus" are well known.

Carlyle felt acutely the misery of the Irish of the period, which, he says, "really is my problem," and was keenly affected by the fate of the Young Ireland party which "broke" over the Revolution of '48 in France. He had met some of the members of it on his first visit, and liked them, although he did not agree with them. The essay was republished separately in 1889 as "A Pearl of English Rhetoric" (with an introduction which can scarcely be described as accurate), but it was not until several years later that it was included in a volume of "Rescued

Essays" published by the Leadenhall Press. It is not to be found in the collected editions of his works and is not mentioned by Froude or the Dictionary of National Biography.

The new President of the French Republic has his connection with literature, and on the highest plane, being, in his way and at his hour, a poet. He is President of the "Société de la prune," founded by M. Georges Leygues, all the members of which hail from Lot-et-Garonne. Their principal occupation is to dine together periodically, and at their banquets they sometimes recite verses of their own composition in the ancient "langue d'oc." The *Figaro* prints a poem which M. Fallières recently wrote on one of these occasions. Here it is for the curious to translate, if they can:

AOU REI DE LA PRUNO

Hillot dé Jansémin, coumpayre éncalourit,
Digun n'a mé dé co, digun n'a mé d'esprit,
Qué tu, sabén douctur, lou Rei dé nosto pruo.
La Pouésie én flocs dé toun amo dégruo
Coumo, aou Printéns, las fious dous frutés embaoumats,
Quand lou Bén, aou soureil, én arroso lous prats.

En dous hill déboutious dé la terro natalo,
Dam un mot amistous, d'un grand cop dé toun alo
Sous coustous esclarits quous portos, én canta,
Et dé tous digts léougés quous tressos la Courouno,
Qu'eslugro, pér là bas, aous bords de la Garouno,
Lous amics tants hurous dé lous bésé mounta.

Merci, pér jou, paourot, tout mi gnat dé bergougno
D'esta, den toun libré, á la placo dóu mie
Dans tout aquéts, messius, l'ourgull dé la Gascougno.
Merci dé qué haounou, jamais l'oubliderei!

It should be added that M. Fallières has written enough French verse to fill a volume, though there is no reason to believe that he will at present challenge criticism by publishing. His rival, M. Doumer, gained little but ridicule by doing so.

Our hearty congratulations are due to the National Art Collections Fund, who have, after all, obtained all the money wanted for the purchase of the Rokesby Velasquez, except £3000 which Messrs. Agnew have given them time to collect. The picture is now at Manchester on exhibition, and then it goes to Liverpool. On its return to London, next month, it will be handed over to the nation. Lord Balcarras, Mr. Isidore Spielmann and Mr. Witt have worked against heavy odds, and we cannot speak too highly of the perseverance and determination they have shown. While we are on this subject, we may add that, thanks to the munificence of Mr. J. J. Duveen, Mr. Sargent's famous portrait of Miss Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth will be housed in the Tate Gallery as a national possession. It is in no spirit of racial jealousy that we rejoice over these two American reverses.

The *Magazine of Fine Arts* for January is as good as, or better than, its two predecessors. Mr. Frederick Wedmore writes on Crome and Cotman, M. Arsène Alexandre on The Pantomime and Expression in the Paintings of Nicolas Poussin, Mr. Walter Crane on Early Italian Gesso Work; and Sir James Linton, in writing on the Artists' Benevolent Institution Exhibition at Agnew's, gives high praise to the famous Velasquez, which is well reproduced as an illustration. There are many other interesting articles and notes, and the plates, which include the Ver Meer of Delft which was lately on exhibition in London, J. S. Cotman's "Bishopsgate Bridge, Norwich," and Raeburn's "Lady Maitland," are all excellently produced.

The *Atlantic Monthly* will in and after this month be published in England by Messrs. Constable. This magazine, which was founded very nearly fifty years ago, has had no inglorious history. In its first number Oliver Wendell

Holmes began his "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," and among its other contributors have been Longfellow, Lowell, Browning, Sainte-Beuve, Whittier, Emerson, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Bret Harte, Professor Eliot Norton, Mr. W. D. Howells, and Mr. Marion Crawford. It maintains its reputation to-day as a first-class magazine.

Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday of next week will witness the sale at Messrs. Sotheby's of quite a medley of interesting books from the libraries of quite a medley of gentlemen representing the Church, journalism and the law. That of the late Rev. S. J. G. Fraser includes: Valpy's edition of Shakespeare, works on chess, books relating to the East, and a presentation copy from the author's father of the first edition, 1850, of *Poems*, by J. R. [John Ruskin]. This should excite much interest, as only fifty copies were printed. The collection of the late Mr. R. M. R. Burrell is strong in Natural History—Seebohm's "British Birds," and Gould's "Birds of Great Britain," being amongst the lot, and an exceptionally interesting copy of Dallaway and Cartwright's "History of the Western Division of Sussex," extra illustrated. Of this book five hundred copies were printed, but three hundred of them were destroyed by fire.

Mr. St. John Brenon's books would provide a library in themselves, historical, classical, dramatic, biographical, ecclesiastical, philosophical, artistic, and even the "books which no gentleman's library should be without." Numismatics is the leading feature of Mr. Trist's collection, and the portion of the library of the late Mr. Justice Day to be sold includes a first edition of Milton's "Paradise Lost." A copy of the Fourth Folio edition will come to the hammer, but as it is "sold not subject to return," it will not likely mark a record in price.

The President of the Board of Education has appointed Professor W. W. Watts, M.A., F.R.S., of Birmingham University, to the Professorship of Geology at the Royal College of Science, South Kensington, vacant by the retirement of Professor Judd. In view of the changes in organisation that may be found desirable in the Royal College of Science and the Royal School of Mines after the consideration of the report of the Departmental Committee on the College, it has been thought best to make this appointment a temporary one. Professor Watts was a Fellow of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, from 1888 to 1894, and a member of the Geological Survey from 1891 to 1897. He has acted successively as Deputy-Professor of Geology at Leeds, Birmingham, and Oxford. At the present time he is Assistant-Professor of Geology and Professor of Geography at the Birmingham University, and is Secretary of the Geological Society.

In the review of Mr. Stopford Brooke's "On Ten Plays of Shakespeare" in last week's ACADEMY, p. 58 (column i.), it was stated that Mr. Stopford Brooke "sees . . . the difference in the attitudes of Banquo and Macbeth from those of the witches." The sentence should have run: "sees the difference in the attitudes of Banquo and Macbeth towards the Witches."

The seventh German season at the Great Queen Street Theatre closes next week with a performance of Ibsen's *Stützen der Gesellschaft*. Of the plays produced by them this winter two at least are to be seen in English soon. *Alma Mater* and Björnson's *Ein Fallissement*. In this latter play it is rumoured Mr. H. B. Irving and Mr. Beerbohn Tree are both anxious to appear. But why should they not join forces; Mr. Irving playing Tjælde and Mr. Tree the old lawyer Behrent? One could not ask for anything better.

LITERATURE

THE GREAT COMMONER

William Pitt. By CHARLES WHIBLEY. (Blackwood, 6s. net.)

THE chief characteristic of Mr. Whibley's work is that he has concentrated his mind on giving us a personal study of the greatest of English parliamentarians. We need not say that it is sympathetic, since the ideals and character of William Pitt are such as to appeal with profound effect to the latest of his biographers. That it is dignified and well written is also an unnecessary statement. If there is an unsatisfactory feature in the book, we may say at once that it lies in a certain poverty of background; the majestic figure of William Pitt would be interesting in any circumstances, but it would have been much more so if placed in its natural environment. If we turn our eyes backwards for one hundred years, we find not only that the condition of England was striking and peculiar, but that the whole arena was full of new movement; at such a time, it was fortunate for England that she developed a William Pitt. But it is scarcely possible to understand the importance of the part he had to play without a close and detailed examination of the circumstances of the time. This we say without any wish to detract from the brilliant work done by Mr. Whibley.

After all, personality counts for a great deal; a statesman gives his country what he has himself, and William Pitt may almost be said to have been nursed for the part he had to play; as Mr. Whibley properly says, he was "both born and made." Native genius he had inherited in plenty, but the Earl of Chatham, who from the first designed a great place for his son, took care that the very atmosphere he breathed should be such as to prepare him for his destiny. His education was carefully calculated to develop the qualities that go to make a great statesman; he read the classics, as his biographer says, not, as is too frequently the case, for the mere study of words, but as one in search of examples of the greatest poetry and the loftiest eloquence. Lord Chatham seems to have appreciated the value of paraphrasing as an educational force, and urged his son to turn the best passages of the classics into English. Pitt himself had an early inclination to literature, and he found expression in the way most usual with ambitious young men—that is to say, he wrote a tragedy in five acts, of which Lord Macaulay says that it was "bad, of course, but not worse than the tragedies of Hayley." Literature, however, was not pursued, except in so far as it remained a solace and comfort to the man of affairs after the toil and bustle of his public life.

The study of his career is the study of one of the most typical of Englishmen. He began, as is the way with many impulsive young politicians, with a great enthusiasm for peace, retrenchment, and reform. Withal, he had a due sense of his own importance:

In a speech delivered five days before Lord North's resignation—the most arrogant speech ever delivered by a man of twenty-two—he made his intention perfectly clear. "With regard to a new administration," he said, "it was not for him to say, nor for the House to pronounce, who was to form it; all he felt himself obliged to declare was, that he himself could not expect to take any share in a new administration, and were his doing so more within his reach, he would never accept a subordinate position." It is no wonder that George Selwyn was astonished at his independence. "Young Pitt will not be subordinate," he wrote; "he is not so in his own society; he is at the head of a dozen young people, and it is a corps separate from Charles's; so there is another premier at the starting-post."

That speech would have been arrogance if it had come from one who had not the force behind him to make his words good; but we are not sure if we should so describe it in the case of a man conscious of his own genius and knowing that he alone was fit for the position which he sought to occupy. During the whole of his career, Pitt depended mainly on himself. He had, it is true, friends and pupils, of whom the most brilliant was Canning, and the one of most solid worth the Duke of Wellington, or rather Lord Arthur

Wellesley, as he was then. But he was too great a man to attach himself exclusively to any one party; he was one in whom love of country was the prevailing passion, and who set himself, with the sound common sense which Wellington showed in his campaigns, to put his judgment and knowledge into practice. Pitt was a man who had cleared his mind thoroughly of cant and fad; more keenly alive than his contemporaries to the necessity of economy in the conduct of State affairs, he was, nevertheless, a prodigal with the national income, when he thought it could be spent to advantage. In dealing with France, his attitude of common sense was conspicuous. A fanatical monarchist might have refused, on what he called principle, to have any dealings with the French Republic; Pitt recognised that the form of Government of any nation is its own affair, and that it is the business of outsiders to acknowledge those whom the people put in authority.

His position was almost paradoxical during the greater part of his life; no one loved peace more, yet he was obliged to wage unceasing war; devoted as he was to economy, his political opponents accused him of being a national spendthrift: yet his consistency, as Mr. Whibley brilliantly shows, though it was by no means the shallow, pertinacious obstinacy which makes a man stick to a thing for years after he has said it, remained unbroken. Pitt, through all the vicissitudes of fortune, was true to himself, and therefore could not be false to his country. Incidents of the time obliged him to be something of an opportunist; he had a practical understanding of a point brought forward by Thomas Carlyle, namely, that no carpenter could make a perfect right angle, and if the carpenter were to devote all his time and energy to making his right angle, he would never get any further; he should get as close an approximation as is practicable, and then go on working with it. Pitt in all things considered, not so much what he would like to do, as what could be done, and he attained the great and noble end which he had continuously in view. He was ready, at any moment, to sacrifice his dearest plans and lay aside his most pronounced prepossessions. His is a fine character to study, and one that redounds to the credit of the country to which he belonged.

William Pitt exactly fitted the time in which he lived and ruled, but it will always remain a moot question how far he could have adapted himself to later requirements. In his life he was one of the most exclusive of aristocrats, and even his faults were those of the patrician. It will be remembered that he was a six-bottle man, and on one celebrated occasion he managed to get through seven bottles, a considerable achievement even in those days of hard drinking. Mr. Whibley claims that only once was he seen in the House of Commons with his mind so clouded by wine that he could not conduct the debate. The incident is one that we can look back upon with pleasure, if only for the reason that it inspired a delightful epigram:

Pitt: I cannot see the Speaker! Hal, can you?

Dundas: Not see the Speaker! Hang it, I see two.

He was also quite unable to take care of his property, and it is singular that one who so jealously guarded the funds of the nation was something of a prodigal as regards his own. But his education, like his vices, was entirely that of a gentleman, and one wonders if in any circumstances he could have descended to the minds of those vast myriads who form the electorate of to-day. Pitt had one quality at least that commended him to the multitude. In a sea of indecision he was the one man who knew his own mind. It is true that he contemptuously laid aside all the arts of the rhetorician. It is equally true that, just as the many-headed loves an aristocrat as much as a demagogue, so it loves a crisp, clear, laconic speaker as much as a flowery debater. We have enough confidence in our countrymen to believe that William Pitt would be able to sway the electors of the twentieth century as easily as he did the House of Commons in the early years of the nineteenth.

A HAUNTED VALLEY

The Casentino and its Story. By ELLA NOYES. Illustrated in colour and line by DORA NOYES. (Dent, 10s. 6d. net.)

It would be difficult, if not impossible, for a work of this kind to be successful, if it be judged from a purely literary point of view. This class of book is an attempt to combine in one volume a historical survey of some particular district, a topographical description, a practical guide for travellers, a catalogue of the antiquities and works of art to be visited, a study of the life and manners of the inhabitants and an appreciation of the scenery in all its aspects in the changing lights and successive seasons of the year. And, as if these elements in themselves were not distracting and heterogeneous enough, there is added a certain number of pictures, some of them illustrating something on the page facing them, others apparently inserted merely to divert the attention of the interested or to console the bored. Such in general terms are the discordant themes which the writer of one of these descriptive books is compelled to handle.

This singularly attractive valley of the Apennines offers perhaps as little difficulty as any region possibly could offer to the author who should set out to write a complete account of it. In the first place, its limits are splendidly defined by the mountains which enclose it and give it that conformation whence some would derive its name—Clau-sentinium; and, broken and variegated as it is by mountain-crag, forest and river, it still preserves a distinguishing character and a unity comparable only with that of a small island or a lake. It cannot be confused with Romagna on one side or the Val d'Arno and Lower Tuscany on the other. Then, too, the history of the valley is limited. Of Etrurian and even of Roman remains there is very little; of modern history there is practically none. The story of the Casentino is a vivid and continuous chapter, a typical study of the fall of feudalism and the end of the Middle Ages. It is the family history of the Conti Guidi, the powerful nobles who lived in the castles that crown almost every hill-top in the district, and who, with their relations and allies, ruled, or at any rate held in subjection, not only the valley itself but a large part of the neighbouring country. These mediæval barons of almost mythical origin lost their wealth and power step by step, and in direct relation to the rise of Florence; for, as the city increased in power, she stepped in between baron and baron or between the barons and the little towns who appealed to her for protection, and always succeeded in being well paid for her services. The history of each castle and each branch of the old noble family is the same. At some critical moment Florence interferes, the baron is dispossessed, and in the stronghold is installed the Podestà, who rules the fiefs in the name of the City. In many of the half-ruined palaces the visitor may see to-day the arms of the republican governor carved side by side with those of the older feudal lord. Since those days the Valley has hardly been touched by the turbulence of political strife. It slumbers, as it were, in the calm beauty of an autumnal light, full of memories, haunted by the great spirits of the past. "*Bercant la gloire éteinte, o vallée, tu t'endors.*" It calls to mind not those alone who in their lifetime disturbed its peace, but those also who have outlived the fierce warriors—San Romualdo, San Francesco, Dante.

Miss Noyes has carried out her undertaking with unequal success. The arrangement of the book is unfortunate. The first chapter, which consists of a description in outline, with some appreciations of the scenery and a few of the general impressions to be gained in travelling through the Casentino, is quite unnecessary, since all that it contains is expanded, with variations, in her descriptions of each separate route and locality. The second is a historical summary, every detail of which is told again with wearisome faithfulness in the following chapters, which are topographically arranged. In reading these, we hurry in the company of the author from peak to peak, from

village to village, from church to church; until we feel that the weariness will never depart out of our feet, nor the dizziness from our heads. She tells us what road or path to take, calls our attention to a fountain, an ass, a group of peasants passed on the way, points out all the architectural antiquities of the village, rushes with us into the church and castle, tells us who the decorations are by, hurries us onwards again up the hill, relating an unauthenticated legend by the way, till we reach a lonely convent half in ruins, at which point she generally breaks into semi-poetical prose about the scenery. But the breathing-time is short: we are to take another way home, and there will be more points of interest to be visited. Miss Noyes writes with obvious and sincere enthusiasm and, apparently, a thorough knowledge of the ground over which she has taken us. But as a writer of "landscapes" she does not succeed. The style of her word-paintings, instead of "rising to the occasion," as it is clearly meant to do, becomes weak, and the verbiage erratic; and instead of a piece of more than usually finished prose, there results a jerky sequence of unmelodious rhythms.

The best part of the book is, without doubt, the latter half, throughout most of which there runs some more absorbing personal or, at any rate, human interest. The chapter on the home life of the peasants, their religious observances and their work in the fields is admirable. It is sympathetically and simply written, and brings out excellently that patriarchal, primitive, peaceful and, on the whole, happy state of life which is still the lot of the peasants who live in the more inaccessible parts of the Casentino. Of St. Francis, Miss Noyes has, of course, nothing absolutely new to tell us; but she has localised such of the incidents of his life, both authentic and legendary, as are connected with the Valley in a chapter which can hardly fail to interest. Last, the chapter on Dante (interrupted and defaced by an absurd and irrelevant picture of "A Sheep Girl," with an anæmic lamb apparently dying unnoticed in the foreground) is well worth reading. In the greater part of it the author is on firm ground, and she does not attempt to make definite assertions with regard to any unproved fact. As we have said, the human interest is the theme which Miss Noyes treats best, and she has made this chapter interesting precisely because she deals with the most human side of Dante's character. She does not write of the half-mystic lover of the "Vita Nuova," or of the philosopher of the "Convivio," or of the seer of the "Divina Commedia," but of Dante the man—the exile who longs to return to Florence, and the mature lover complaining of the disdainful attitude of his Casentinese lady. The materials are, of course, the letters addressed respectively to the Florentines and to Henry VII. and dated from somewhere in the Casentino in the spring of 1311, and the group of poems generally known as the "Rime Pietrose," which were, perhaps, composed in the Valley.

Whatever interpretation we put upon these poems and whatever date we assign to them, it was a happy chance which directed the illustrator of this volume to draw her inspiration from the *sestina*: "Al poco giorno ed al gran cerchio d'ombra." In the ingenious and pleasing frontispiece we undoubtedly see the lady of the poem, a lady very young, with yellow hair and a garland of grasses, clothed in a pale green robe. But, to fit in with the colour-scheme of the picture, she has thrown loosely over the green robe a pink mantle. She sits in the centre, with hands outstretched on each side of her. Behind her is a cave—Fons Sarni—from which the water issues in two runlets and flowing over her hands falls down on each side of her feet in the seven streams which meet to form the Arno. In the background are the pines, the mountains and the stars. In the decorative border are two little medallions; the lower shows a castle on a hill-top with armed men tilting at one another in the foreground; in the upper is a wooden cross, supported by two figures, which we take to be SS. Romualdo and Francesco, and a kneeling woman, who must be some Franciscan saint.

A SAINT OF HELLENISM

Julian the Apostate. By GAETANO NEGRI. Translated by DUCHESS LITTA VISCONI-ARESE. With an introduction by PROFESSOR PASQUALE VILLARI. 2 vols. (Unwin, 21s. net.)

"To write with authority about another man," said Stevenson, "we must have fellow feeling and some common ground of experience with our subject." The late Senator Gaetano Negri's study of the life and times of Julian the Apostate may not be free from minor defects, but it has this great merit—that there is perfect sympathy between the author and his subject; and for this reason it may be said to add to our knowledge of this most fascinating emperor, though it brings to light no new facts about his brief and romantic career.

By this time, however, the life story of Constantine's nephew is well known to all students of Byzantine history and has even been popularised by the powerful, if inaccurate, romance of the Russian novelist, Merejkowski. His protean character and his extraordinary vicissitudes of fortune have contributed, quite as much as his determined attempt to disestablish Christianity, to make Julian a figure unique and unsurpassed in interest among all the Roman Emperors. That after being brought up in the Christian faith he should have reverted to Paganism and attempted to revive a general belief in the gods of Olympus, is by no means the most striking contrast afforded by the third ruler of Constantinople. His antipathy against Christianity is naturally accounted for by the crimes of the Christian emperors who preceded him, by the vices and corruption of the ecclesiastics at the Imperial court, and by his intimacy with the writings of Plato, Aristotle and the noblest of Greek authors. From his earliest boyhood Julian only saw the worst side of Christianity, corrupted and demoralised by worldly success, and the best side of Paganism. He knew that Constantine's acceptance of Christianity did not restrain him from subsequently murdering his wife and child, while the second Christian emperor, Constantius, was the murderer of his father, his brothers, and all his family. It was natural, then, that the imprisoned youth should see in Christians only oppressors, enemies, and gaolers. His Christian education consisted in being commanded to accept dogmas against which his reason revolted, while all the virtues extolled by Christ he saw practised, not by his Christian acquaintance, but by the few who nourished him with the forbidden fruit of Hellenism.

Far more difficult is it to explain how it was that this dreamer, this serious-minded bookworm, who was practically unversed in the most elementary military exercises, suddenly became an intrepid man of action, a most prudent but skilful commander, when, at the age of twenty-four he was unexpectedly raised to the dignity of Cæsar, and given the desperate task of leading the Roman legions in Gaul against the victorious barbarians. Indeed, his series of brilliant victories, achievements worthy of a Cæsar, an Alexander or a Hannibal, can only be accounted for by the fact that Julian, too, was a born military genius, who, without being taught, instinctively knew the right thing to do and the right time to do it.

But it is not Julian the victorious general and the brilliant administrator so much as Julian the religious reformer who interests Signor Negri. This much can be seen by the very plan of the work, in which one chapter—a long one, it is true—is devoted to Julian's life, and all the others to the consideration of the causes which led to his abortive revival of Paganism. These causes are examined minutely and exhaustively by Signor Negri, who, if he at times wearies us by unnecessarily repeating himself, nevertheless deserves our heartiest thanks for the lucid and invincible manner in which he proves that Julian's aim was to effect a moral still more than a religious reformation. It is very evident that our author is cynically of opinion that Julian's austere morality far more than his religious beliefs interfered with the success of his scheme.

To Signor Negri Julian's attempt to re-establish Paganism

as the state religion of the Roman Empire is most interesting, "because it is a symptom and a proof of the corruption into which Christianity had fallen, when, secure from persecution and recognised as a legal institution and instrument of government, it was no longer subjected to those conditions to which it owed its virtues."

Julian . . . wished to reinstate ancient polytheism, which for him represented Hellenism, civilisation, and Hellenic culture, in opposition to the new Christianity that threatened to destroy it; but to reinstate it, he wished to Christianise it both in its morals and its ecclesiastical constitution. . . . This bitter enemy of Christianity made a propaganda of all the virtues taught by Christianity—temperance, respect for sacred things, love of our neighbour, contempt for riches, interest in spiritual things, and, above all, charity. Christianity had so little succeeded in infusing these virtues in the Lower Empire that, on becoming its official religion, it had been obliged to renounce them, but at the same time it had created monachism as a sort of hot-house in which these virtues were preserved under the zealous care of a rigorous asceticism. Julian pretended to remodel the work of Christianity by means of polytheism, on which he wished to impose the duty of rendering society moral.

By copious extracts from Julian's writings, as well as by constant references to his acts, Signor Negri reveals an important fact overlooked by too many historians, namely, that Julian, although a Pagan in ritual, was essentially a Christian in ethics. On assuming the imperial purple, Julian, instead of indulging in wholesale murder after the fashion of his Christian predecessors, shows remarkable clemency to his deadliest foes. His first act after being hailed as Augustus by the legions is to save his enemies, the friends of Constantius, from the fury of the soldiery. "Leave here, and go where thou wilt in safety," are the Christ-like words of this Pagan emperor. Again, in his manifesto to the riotous inhabitants of Bostra, Julian is obviously animated by the true spirit of Christian ethics:

Agree among yourselves, and let no one commit violence or injustice. . . . We must persuade and instruct men by means of reason, not with blows or violence or by tormenting the body. Now, as in times past, I exhort all those who follow the teachings of true piety not to do any hurt to the crowd of the Galileans, not to insult them, and not to attack them violently. We should not hate but compassionate those who act perversely in matters of supreme importance; because the greatest good is piety, and impiety the greatest evil.

It is to be regretted that Signor Negri should have cited as Julian's the epistles to Iamblichus and certain other letters of more than doubtful authenticity; but he has undoubtedly rendered a real service to historical truth by calling attention to the exalted sentiments contained in the admittedly genuine writings of the emperor, and incidentally to the need of a new and carefully edited translation of all Julian's letters and discourses.

Another point of interest well brought out by Signor Negri is that though Julian failed to christianise Paganism, Christianity itself had already been paganised to a very large extent by Origen and his followers. In an abstruse but exceedingly interesting chapter on Neo-Platonism it is advanced that this system of philosophy was the common origin both of the superstitious polytheism of Julian and of the mystical dogmatism of Athanasius. The stimulating suggestions thrown out by Signor Negri in the course of his patient and searching investigation of the rival philosophies current in the fourth century render his work of real value to all interested in the early history of the Church as well as to those who wish to understand the mental attitude of his hero.

He has little difficulty in proving that the supposed last words of Julian: "Thou hast conquered, O Galilean," are an ecclesiastical fiction invented some centuries after the emperor's death, and he seems also to favour the theory that the fatal javelin was thrown by a Roman Christian and not by a Persian. But though not actually pronounced, the words attributed to Julian may well have been in his mind at the last moment, for before he left Antioch he realised that his effort had failed utterly. And its failure arose, according to Signor Negri, because Julian endeavoured to adapt society to his ideals of faith and conduct, whereas Christianity succeeded, according to

the same authority, because it adapted its faith and moral code to the needs of the society of the time.

Of the merits of the translation some opinion can be formed by the extracts already given; and, though some obscurities may be due to the author, the translator shows a disposition, regrettable in what is intended to be a popular work, to employ unfamiliar and borrowed words where simpler terms might with advantage have been used.

SUFFERING'S JOURNEY

Suffering's Journey on the Earth. By CARMEN SYLVA, Queen of Roumania. Translated from "*Leidens Erdengang*," by MARGARET NASH. (Jarrold, 3s. 6d.)

CARMEN SYLVA has long been known in this country as an imaginative writer, and, though it cannot be said that as a poet she ranks high with the critical, she has probably a larger number of admirers than the critical suppose. Other writers of the same order have had the same fortune, but with less desert. There is no artificiality, no factory work, in the literary productions of the Queen of Roumania. Though the stream that flows from her pen may bring no considerable amount of poetic treasure, it resembles the best in welling spontaneously from a natural fountain, and, were it not allowed so free a course but put under the guidance of art, its yield of thought, of fancy, of feeling, would seem more abundant, and better too. Though Carmen Sylva may be appreciative of art in others, she does not seem to know the use of it for her own work, if "work" it should be called. For reading her is less like perusing a written composition than listening to an imaginative child pouring forth fancies unrestrained and unexamined, as children will do by firelight. It is delightful hearing, though we smile from time to time at some breathless tumble from too lofty a flight, or at some pretty extravagance which has no unlikelihood for the narrator; and we suppose it is because the writings of Carmen Sylva retain so much of this childlike romance and tender feeling that they please the simple-minded more than does many a better-made article. Of this book, so clumsily called in English "*Suffering's Journey on Earth*," we can only speak from the version before us, which is very evidently not a good translation. It is an apologue such as the "*Pilgrim's Progress*" might suggest, telling of how Suffering came upon the earth, and what part it plays for good and harm in the world of mankind. For this purpose it is personified, as also is its parentage. To carry the story on, Life, Love, Happiness, Strife, Patience, Despair, Work, Pain, Death (which is not a complete list), are personified too; and it is the part that Suffering plays, as she encounters now one and now another of its personages on her way through the world, that makes the story. Now, any one with half the imagination of Carmen Sylva can see that this is a really great theme; less than half, however, would have shown her more clearly than the whole that great constructive ability as well as fancy was necessary to do justice to it. From the architectural point of view the highest genius would be tasked to treat it in the "grand manner;" and though the simplicity of John Bunyan would have made perfect work of it in another style, a world of patient skill lay hidden in Bunyan's simplicity. Of that subordinate but necessary quality Carmen Sylva could bring to her theme no adequate supply; and the consequence is that in point of construction her apologue of Suffering is too often weak, uncertain, and even baffling. It is not a matter that her imagination could sufficiently attend to. But even here the fault may be the translator's: for certainly in other respects the work suffers, not for want of literary sympathy on the part of Miss Nash, but for want of literary training and efficiency. The wrong word is too frequent, and often vexatiously damaging. Passages that are dismally prosaic are yet plainly and easily capable of taking the more appropriate diction in English which

we cannot doubt they had in the original. But, while these passages blot the book very distinctly, they occur at considerable intervals after the opening chapters are past, while elsewhere the translator's English is lifted into a strain of simple but most effective eloquence by heartfelt sympathy with the author's meaning and intention. The most admirable pages, and those that appeal most strongly to the feeling and conscience of Everyman, relate the story of "The Hermit," which is remarkably dramatic and not less remarkable for its even simplicity. The chapter entitled "Lottie" is of nearly equal merit. The personification of Patience is so finely conceived that that it is unlikely to be forgotten; Work is almost as impressive a figure, and Death is more original than either. Scores of passages—arresting, some by their prettiness, and some by their thought—are scattered through the book, which, with all its faults in this translation, should be read.

A MIGHTY HUNTER

Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter. By THEODORE ROOSEVELT. (Longmans, 12s. 6d. net.)

THE American hunter, the author of this volume, is no less a personage than the President of the United States of America. Among former works he has published perhaps "The Strenuous Life" is the best known, and certainly this, his last book, might be truly called "The Strenuous Hunter."

Here we have a man simply as a gallant and generous sportsman, the fact of his high position in the world never intruding in the smallest degree. From beginning to end of his book the author treats of the pursuit and capture of purely wild animals, whether chased by hounds, or stalked and shot by rifle. His pages are alive with healthy incident and an observant criticism of birds and beasts, together with an admirably expressed appreciation of the wild and beautiful districts he visited in search of sport.

From a British point of view this work is enhanced by being written in good readable English, such as any educated gentleman would wish to express himself in were he to set down his experiences in whatever form of sport he followed, though but few authors possess so direct and explanatory a style of writing as does Mr. Roosevelt, and 'one, too, that entirely dispenses with the slangy and high-falutin words and sentences so common in American journalism.

The most interesting quarry hunted by Mr. Roosevelt, and the one that, it is evident, attracts him more than others, is the cougar. This fierce beast, a huge cat in appearance, is from seven to eight feet in length from nose to tip of tail and weighs from about one hundred and fifty to over two hundred pounds, the largest male cougar killed by the author scaling two hundred and twenty-seven pounds. The cougar is found and chased by large high-couraged hounds, about a dozen being employed for the purpose, against which even a wolf cannot make a fight. The duty of these hounds is to bring the cougar to bay or to put it up a tree, and then to stay with the animal until the hunters come up. Sometimes Mr. Roosevelt has known a cougar remain up a tree for several hours before he was able to find his hounds that had treed it and were baying at the foot of the tree; and so keen and well-trained are these hounds that they will drive a cougar up a tree overnight and be found in the morning still keeping guard over their prisoner.

Of the cougar the author writes:

No American beast has ever been the subject of so much loose writing or of such wild fables.

Even its name is unsettled. In the Eastern States it is usually called Panther or Painter; in the Western States, Mountain Lion, or towards the South, Mexican Lion.

The Spanish speaking people usually call it simply Lion.

The Cougar is shy and elusive to an extraordinary degree, very cowardly and yet bloodthirsty and ferocious. The average writer, and, for the matter of that, the average hunter, where Cougars are scarce, know little or nothing of them. Fables aside, the Cougar is

a very interesting creature. It is found from the cold, desolate plains of Patagonia to the north of the Canadian line, and lives alike among the snow-clad peaks of the Andes and in the steaming forests of the Amazon.

Deer are the customary prey, it appears, of the cougar, and it is also a dreaded enemy of sheep, calves, and especially colts, and a big male will even kill a full-grown horse or a cow, a moose or a wapiti. The illustrations that accompany the chapters on cougar-hunting are excellent, as they are reproduced from photographs taken of these animals when actually in touch with the hounds, and in some cases as they crouch snarling on the branch of a tree just out of reach of a dog's teeth. When in the open, brought to bay and killed by the hounds, a cougar leaves many a reminiscence of the struggle in the form of deep bites, and cuts from his claws, and in the illustration called "After the Fight" we have a photograph of hounds licking their wounds and resting after a battle with a cougar.

In "A Colorado Bear Hunt" the author gives a very graphic description of his adventures in tracking bears with hounds, the photographs of bears treed high up in the air being particularly interesting. Of bears we read:

Frequently I have been able to watch bears for some time while myself unobserved. With other game I have very often done this within close range, not wishing to kill creatures needlessly, or without a good object; but with bears my experience has been that chances to secure them come so seldom as to make it distinctly worth while improving any that do come. I have not spent much time watching any bear unless he was in a place where I could not get at him, or else was so close at hand that I was not afraid of his getting away.

On one occasion the bear was hard at work digging up a squirrel on the side of a pine-clad hill, and while at this he looked rather like a big Badger. On two other occasions the bear was fussing round a carcass preparatory to burying it. I was very close, and it was extremely interesting to note the grotesque, half-human movements and giant awkward strength of the great beast. He would twist the carcass round with the utmost ease, sometimes taking it in his teeth and dragging it, at other times grasping it in his fore-paws and half lifting, half shoving it. Once the bear lost his grip and rolled over, and he then struck the carcass a savage whack, just as a pettish child will strike a table against which it has knocked itself.

At another time I watched a black bear getting his breakfast under stumps and stones. He was very active turning a stone or log over, and then thrusting his muzzle into the empty space to gobble up the small creatures below before they recovered from the sudden inflow of light. From under one log he turned out a chipmunk squirrel, and danced hither and thither with even more agility than awkwardness, slapping at the chipmunk with his paw while it zigzagged about, until finally he scooped it into his mouth.

We turn from bear-hunting to the coursing of wolves, the stalking of deer and wapiti, and to incidental accounts of the chasing on horseback, on foot, and with and without hounds, of various other animals; all described in a very vivid and pleasant manner by the author, with an undercurrent of natural history, and frequent tributes to the bravery of his guides and hunters, his horses and dogs, not omitting some of the objects of pursuit.

As an example of the above remarks, here is an instance of the author's appreciation of a companion, whose portrait he gives by river-side, and who is evidently a grand old hunter and sportsman. The quotation is from the dedication of Mr. Roosevelt's book and is addressed to John Burroughs, otherwise Oom John. It runs:

DEAR OOM JOHN,—Every lover of outdoor life must feel a sense of affectionate obligation to you. Your writings appeal to all who care for the life of the woods and the fields, whether their tastes keep them in the homely, pleasant farm country or lead them into the wilderness. It is a good thing for our people that you have lived; and surely no man can wish to have more said of him.

A fascinating chapter in Mr. Roosevelt's work is headed "Wilderness Reserves." These reserves consist of vast tracts of wild country, containing in some cases even small towns and villages, in which large game, such as bears, deer, buffalo and elk, are rigorously protected.

On the subject of protecting game by means of these reserves Mr. Roosevelt writes with much force; we will quote him shortly:

The most striking and melancholy feature in connection with American big game is the rapidity with which it has vanished.

At the present moment the great herds of caribou are being

butchered as in the past the great herds of bison and wapiti have been butchered. Every believer in manliness, and therefore in manly sport, and every lover of nature, every man who appreciates the majesty and beauty of the wilderness and of wild life should join hands with the far-sighted men who wish to preserve our material resources, in the effort to keep our forests and our game beasts, game birds and game fish—and, indeed, all the living creatures of prairie and woodland and sea-shore—from wanton destruction.

That the existence of reserves intended for the protection of animals from extinction is fully justified by results may be gathered from the photographs given in Mr. Roosevelt's book, for we therein see antelopes, bears, deer and other animals, placidly feeding and parading close to houses and villages, and even a wild, untamed grizzly bear, in one picture, being fed by a cook at his kitchen door!

The book before us concludes with a list and clever criticism of all the better known works on big game shooting. The final, and by no means least interesting, chapter is entitled "At Home," which describes the author's country house and its surroundings, with capital drawings and descriptions of the different tame animals he and his children find so much delight in taking kindly care of.

P.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT

The Law of International Copyright. With special Sections on the Colonies and the United States of America. By WILLIAM BRIGGS, LL.D., etc. (Stevens & Haynes, 16s.)

DR. WILLIAM BRIGGS is justified in describing this work, as he does in the Preface, as "the first work in English on the Law of International Copyright." Some of the text-book writers, more particularly Mr. Easton in the fourth edition of "Copingier on Copyright," have touched upon this branch more or less fully and have collected most of the Conventions, Treaties and Statutes which constitute its *corpus*; but it has been reserved for Dr. Briggs to be the first to devote an adequate treatise to an exposition of the whole subject. That he has collected a mass of information in his 816 pages goes without saying, and he has certainly made a valuable contribution to the literature of the question. It may, however, be doubted whether he has chosen his time of publication very wisely in view of the fact that both England and America are contemplating new codes, which will probably, in many respects, modify the existing law both at home and abroad.

The book covers a wide field; it treats the subject historically and theoretically; it deals with the law as it stands, and with the law as, in the author's view, it ought to stand, and it may be safely premised that the most exacting student will find plenty of material in these pages. This said, it must be confessed that Dr. Briggs is a little confusing in his arrangement. His distinction between laws past, present and future is not always perfectly clear, and we fear that the inquiring layman, endeavouring to deduce from this volume his exact rights and duties, might find himself very considerably perplexed. Not that it is fair to lay the whole blame for this state of things upon the shoulders of the author, for the matter is one which is barely susceptible of lucid treatment, full of perplexities, anachronisms and absurdities. Some of the countries not signatory to the Berne Convention rest their international relations upon treaties and enactments which really belong, in many cases, to ancient history, and it is no doubt necessary to go into the beginnings of International Law in order to render the position intelligible. But, if so, this should be done *pro hac vice* and not fundamentally.

The Berne Convention is so paramount in its operation, affecting, as it does, not only Union countries, but countries outside the Union, when works of their authors are first published within the Union, that we think it would have been wiser to have treated it as fundamental rather than subsidiary to the domestic laws. To consider, for instance, the law of Great Britain as though the Berne Convention did not exist is surely a work of supererogation, if it is not actually misleading. We

find, for example, the English rule as to formalities confused by a consideration of those required before the Act of 1886 and the Order in Council thereunder made the Berne Convention operative, and those (if any) necessary after that drastic change. Dr. Briggs, for instance, labours to show that residence within the British dominions has never been dispensed with in the case of aliens, and questions the finding of the English law officers in the opinion communicated to the United States in 1891; but, whatever may have been the case before the Berne Convention, since it became law, and since, too, it became part and parcel of the law of England—which the author himself admits on page 508—it is undoubtedly the fact that residence on British territory has not been a necessary condition to British copyright, and it seems a pity that rules which obtained under the old International Copyright Acts should be discussed as though they were operative to-day, and not relegated to their true position in a historical retrospect.

A good point is taken in the chapter on "The Conflict of Jurisdictions and of Laws"—that "a country can only place duties upon its own public;" and we wish that all alien copyright reformers would accept the dictum in its entirety. But, unluckily, this is far from being the case. The United States, for instance, heedless of the rules which custom has decreed shall govern international relations, imposes, as well as its own onerous conditions in the United States, duties upon aliens in their own countries and therefore, incidentally, requires British authors to understand American law—a somewhat large order.

It is inevitable in a work of these dimensions that omissions and *errata* should occur, and it may be useful to point out a few which might be corrected. On page 161 Bolivia and Belgium should be added to the countries embraced in the Convention of Monte Video, and similarly on page 242 they should be given as afterwards subscribing to it with France, Spain and Italy. Again, on page 277, note 1, Bolivia is given as not having ratified the Monte Video Convention, whereas it did so on November 5, 1903. Deposit in England is mentioned on page 313, note 3, as an obligation attaching to the "author"; the word should obviously be "publisher"—who alone is liable. Sweden, as well as Norway, has not accepted the Additional Act of Paris, and should be added on pages 508 and 509, and the statement on page 517, as to foreign authors outside the Union and English copyright, ignores the Additional Act which makes nationality immaterial and requires only first publication in a Unionist country to give protection throughout the Union. This, indeed, seems to be clearly admitted by the author's own conclusion on page 521. By an obvious slip Registration and Deposit are given on page 525 as formalities required by English law "before the claim to copyright can be enforced." The deposit of copies has, of course, nothing whatever to do with copyright; it is, as we have already said, merely an obligation on the publisher, and a very unfair obligation, too, a survival of the Dark Ages and the *Imprimatur*. China, Norway, and practically Japan should be added to the list of countries proclaimed by the United States under the Chace Act on pages 645 and 659. It may, again, be queried whether the Chace Act affects the law as to the unpublished works of aliens, as is assumed on page 646. The common law rights in such works are not derived from, nor dependent upon, the Statute, but appear to be of universal application, and not limited to citizens of proclaimed countries. To the Colonies which have their own copyright laws (page 594) should be added Jamaica, Malta, Sierra Leone, Straits Settlements, Transvaal, and Trinidad.

Dr. Briggs has attempted a difficult task, and deserves recognition as a pioneer in what is practically new country. We do not doubt that in future editions of the work it will prove practicable to remove some of the defects to which we have called attention, and correct some of the errors, which were, in many cases, inevitable. The work represents an enormous amount of painstaking labour.

W. MORRIS COLLES.

RONCEVAL

O WOE's me, ye people,
And woe, brave warriors all,
For the flower of all princes
Dead on Ronceval.

There lie many stark fighters
That with Roland rode,—
Rinaldo of the White Thorn,
Ogier and Galdebode.

And Roland, ah Roland,
That was first of them all,
Lieth among his captains
On red Ronceval.

Queens weep for Roland,—
Kings go heavily:
There was none in all Christendom
Better loved than he;

Prince of all courtesy,
Very true and kind,—
Tears are in the dwellings
Of Kaiser and hind.

For herdsmen have hearkened,
Keeping sheep on the hill,
To a sound like the wind's crying,—
Yet all winds are still.

It is the horn of Roland
That shall never more call,
That mourneth for slain armies
On red Ronceval.

C. FOX SMITH.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

THE EARLIEST MODERN NOVELIST

THE general difference between the literature of the age of Elizabeth, and the literature of the reign of Louis XIV., is that the one smacks of the tavern and the other has an air of the drawing-room. In the blue chamber of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, France, in the seventeenth century, educated itself. What the ladies of the period there learned from the men of letters in one department of literature, they quickly began to practise in another. The *Précieuses* were not the affected creatures that Molière portrayed. One of them, Mme. de Sévigné, excelled all writers in the form of literature which she adopted; another, Mme. de La Fayette, created the novel of manners.

In "La Princesse de Clèves" the first of modern novelists related the story of her own strange love-affair. She was a brilliant woman of the Court, with a cast of mind resembling somewhat that of Jane Austen. Good sense, a certain staidness of soul, and a vivacity which, tempered by keen insight, turned rather to ironic raillery, were some of the elements of her nature. But what distinguishes her is a veiled movement of emotion, which enables us to divine in the depths of her heart the hidden suffering which was, perhaps, the source of her genius. At the age of twenty-two she was married to M. de La Fayette, a man who adored her, but failed to win her affection. Three years afterwards she fell in love with La Rochefoucauld. She separated from her husband, but did not become one of the *mil e tre* in the list of Don Juan's conquests. At a reading of the famous "Maximes," in the house of a common friend, she learned the real character of the man. The more guarded her manner became, the deeper grew his passion. It transformed his nature, enduing him with the strange virtue of constancy. In after years, when she, a woman no longer young, and he, an old man, were both infirm and nearly

dying, they at last came together in a tender and rather melancholy friendship, which endured until death. The manner in which they lightened each other's troubles is described by Mme. de Sévigné. Sometimes, as they sat together in Mme. de La Fayette's garden on a summer evening, the conversation was so sad that, as the most vivacious of letter-writers told her daughter, there seemed nothing else to do but to bury oneself. In lighter moods, they refined on the analysis of feeling in the sentimental romances of the age. Mme. de La Fayette contemned these works as much as La Rochefoucauld relished them, but to entertain him she collaborated in the composition of a tale in the same manner. "Zayde," as it was entitled, is now a faded, colourless thing, but it took the town in 1670. Two years afterwards Mme. de La Fayette indulged her own tastes in the composition of "La Princesse de Clèves," a novel of manners only some two hundred pages in length.

One curious result of the 'success of Molière's *Les Précieuses Ridicules* was to make one woman, at least, anxious to avoid being charged with the crime of having written a masterpiece. One of her disingenuous disclaimers contains a happy piece of criticism:

I am flattered [she wrote to a friend] by the suspicion that I am the writer of the work. Were I sure that the author would never claim it, I should be glad to accept it as mine. . . . It is a perfect imitation of the society at the Court, and of the way of life there. A novel, however, it is not, but only a book of memoirs; this, I understand, was the title, but it has been changed.

The observation is an illuminating one. The art of modern novel-writing is thus derived from the French art of memoir-writing. Instead of relating the incidents of her life in the manner of Saint-Simon, Mme. de La Fayette cast them into the form of a romance. An historical colouring is pretended as a slight disguise: but the society depicted is the society of the early days of Louis XIV.:

Magnificence and gallantry have never appeared in France with so much brilliance as in the last years of the reign of Henri II. . . . Ambition and love were the soul of this Court, and engaged equally the men and the women. There were so many interests and so many cabals, in which the ladies played an important part, that sentiment was always mingled with politics and politics with sentiment. No one was tranquil or indifferent; all were engaged in pleasing and serving, in injuring others and advancing themselves. Boredom and idleness were unknown; pleasures or intrigues occupied everybody.

One of the most difficult branches of politics was marriage, as the Prince de Clèves found when he fell in love with Mlle. de Chartres. But in spite of this, and in spite, too, of the fact that he failed to win the girl's heart, he succeeded in making her his wife. In changing her name, Mlle. de Chartres did not change her feelings, and, as there ever remained in her something desirable but not to be attained, M. de Clèves did not cease to be an unquiet lover when he became a husband. Jealousy had no part in his trouble: never was husband so far from feeling it, never was wife so far from exciting it. So innocent was she that when at last the Duc de Nemours discovered that he had the power to move her, she was insensible of danger.

Thus far the story is pleasant enough, but scarcely remarkable for dramatic power. Its charm lies in the grace and simplicity of the style; in the feminine subtlety with which gradations of sentiment are delineated; and, above all, in the picture of the refinement of manners. The personages, as Taine remarks, are presented to the public by Mme. de La Fayette as her friends would have been presented by her to the guests in her drawing-room. The emotions are as subdued as the manner in which they are expressed; they reveal themselves in under-statements and scarcely perceptible modulations in the sober, courtly phrase. But what audacity of conception, what power of seeing into the winding recesses of the heart, are concealed under the polished form of the sentences! The action of the story becomes rapid and powerful as soon as Mme. de Clèves finds that one man has gained her esteem, and another her love. She is a very young girl, with neither parent nor friend to help and counsel her. Recognising

her own weakness and inexperience, she determines to leave the court. Her husband, however, dismays her by refusing her request as an unreasonable whim. He is the man whom she honours, so she boldly and candidly confides in him:

"Well," she said, casting herself at his knees, "I am about to make an avowal which no wife has ever made to her husband. The innocence of my conduct and of my intentions gives me strength to do so. It is true I have reasons to withdraw from the Court. I wish to avoid the perils in which persons of my age sometimes find themselves. I have shown no signs of weakness, nor do I fear that I shall show any, if you will grant me the liberty to retire from town. I beg your pardon if I have some feelings which displease you; at least I shall never displease you by my actions. Think of what friendship and esteem one must have for one's husband to do what I now am doing. Help me, pity me, and love me still if you can. . . ."

"Have pity on me, madam," he said. ". . . You appear to me more worthy of honour and admiration than ever a woman of Society has been, but I find myself the most unhappy man that ever lived."

Human nature cannot maintain itself at this level. M. de Clèves gradually grows embittered against his unknown rival, and his jealousy turns into cold, sullen fury when, through the unchivalrous advances made by M. de Nemours, he is led unjustly to suspect his wife. He frets himself into a fever and dies. There then ensues a strange struggle between Mme. de Clèves and the Duc de Nemours. The libertine prevails upon her to admit that, at least, she returns his regard:

Mme. de Clèves yielded for the first time to the inclination which she had for M. de Nemours, and looking at him with eyes full of sweetness and charm, said: "I shall not tell you that I have not seen the attachment which you have for me. Perhaps you would not believe me if I did. I confess then not only that I have seen it, but that I have seen it in just such a manner as you may wish it to appear to me."

But there still remains in her something invincible even by him—her sense of self-respect and her distrust in his constancy. She is now a woman versed in the bitter knowledge of her world. Rejecting his offer of marriage, she retires from the court and lives quietly and rather sadly until in the course of years her passion is extinguished and her mind assured.

That is the end of the first novel in the modern manner, which, as an exquisite study of the heart of a remarkable woman, has never been surpassed. And what an interest it derives from that other story of the wistful friendship between Mme. de Clèves and M. de Nemours in their sickness and old age!

EDWARD WRIGHT.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "Around an Old Catalogue," by Cloudestley Brereton.]

FICTION

Rose at Honeyptot. By MARY E. MANN. (Methuen, 6s.)

IN one or two novels—"The Patten Experiment," for instance, and "The Parish Nurse"—Mrs. Mann has shown us what she thinks of the poor in the country, that "peasant" on whom literature, rebounding from one convention to another, has lavished so much idealism, sympathy and admiration. Arcadia, to Mrs. Mann, is a country whose inhabitants are dirty, vicious, ignorant, stupid and ungrateful. And there is a great deal of truth, as no one will deny, in her pictures. There is not the whole truth. We are of opinion that she exaggerates, that she sees one side only, that she passes over, unnoticed or unmentioned, much goodness, patience and quiet heroism. Still, in days when the cry of "Back to the Land" is raised, it is no bad thing to let people see that to "eat and sleep with the earth" is not to have solved all life's troubles nor to have become possessed of a ready-made nobility of character. Rose Abra, the young and pretty

wife of a Naval Lieutenant, chose to spend the last months of her husband's three years' cruise as lodger in a Norfolk cottage. The tenant of the cottage was a drunken ruffian, his wife a whining slut, his son a little fiend of cruelty. All the bad points of the Jaggerd family would occupy more space than we can devote to the book. But there was another lodger, a young gamekeeper of (very nearly) gentle birth and a great soul: and the ostensible plot of Mrs. Mann's book is the love-story of Lawrence Ferraday and Rose Abra, with its melancholy but serenely beautiful close. The book is (need we say it?) well written—there are many things we should like to quote as examples of good work—well composed and continuously interesting.

The Spoilers. By EDWIN PUGH. (Newnes, 6s.)

HAVING read about half Mr. Pugh's book just before going to bed, we passed a wretched night; before the next day was out, we had read the rest, and slept soundly. For, if he tells us exactly how the next burglar will enter our house, he tells us later by how simple and cheap a contrivance we can be sure that we hear him when he does. Indeed, we are not sure that so thorough a knowledge of burglars and their ways must not be held to imply a mis-spent youth. Surely, practical experience alone—But there is a Law of Libel, and we must hold our hand; hastening to assure Mr. Pugh that, if he forces us to suspect him of having been a burglar, he forces us also to acknowledge him a very able novelist. His story suggests in some ways "Oliver Twist." Here is Bill Sikes (Chick Marketer); here is Nancy (Judith), and here is Fagin (Bill Fix). But here, emphatically, is *not* Oliver. Mr. Pugh has a boy, indeed—Deuce Marketer, by name; but he is such a real boy, such an absolute boy, so full of actuality and life and "the real thing," that we must apologise for mentioning him in the same breath with that bloodless little prig, Oliver. Perhaps Miss Porch and Mr. Gandy are a little Dickensy: but they are genuine enough, and fill a necessary place in a story that has, turn and turn about, thrilled us with dread and pity, and set us laughing aloud with its natural, inevitable humour. "The Spoilers" is a capital book.

Hugo. By ARNOLD BENNETT. (Chatto & Windus, 6s.)

MR. BENNETT has surpassed himself in his latest fantasia on modern themes—"Hugo." Two sham deaths, an interrupted suicide, a simple suicide, two attempted murders, a rescue from a tomb, a gramophone's record of a dying man's speech—such is *nostri farrago libelli*. The salt of Mr. Bennett's melodramas lies in the fact that his hero and his villain (however wild their actions may be, and they are as wild as ingenuity can imagine) never talk fustian, they utter common sense: they delight in Johnson, they quote Montaigne. And this gives to their absurd adventures an air of probability that is almost ludicrous. That is Mr. Bennett's cleverest artifice. He never makes an attempt to modify or explain: he piles improbability upon improbability with calm assurance, and mortars it all together with clever little facts and truths in a style which is always restrained and neat, and by its very lack of ornaments convincing. Nothing could equal the speed with which the story pursues its intricate way. From the moment when Hugo wakes, in the domed room that crowns his great establishment in Sloane Street, and looks out over London and sees the two long lines of his three thousand hands converge and disappear into Hugo's—to the last splendid moment when Louis, his half-brother and whole enemy, reels from out the tomb in the Brompton Cemetery, thwarted in his madman's scheme to bury Hugo's love alive, there is no pause or hindrance in the swift course of the melodrama. We notice with interest that Mr. Bennett has expressed his views upon the effect of elections upon literature in an article of some feeling—natural feeling: and he laments the fate of the bookseller who through their influence must go "without

capers to his mutton." This proves Mr. Bennett's intention in publishing, during this week, to be benevolent—and not, as we first thought, audacious. He does not wish to distract all interest from the elections, but to do all in his power to alleviate the lot of the oppressed and caperless. We wish him success.

The Interpreters. By MARGARETTA BYRDE. (Unwin, 6s.)

THE interest of this story is well sustained from the first page to the last. We see Rhoda depart across the sea on her mission of vengeance, and then we settle down to follow the fortunes of Arthur Dyne and Agnes Vandeleur, quite sure that the murder, which Rhoda suspects and which apparently can never concern the hero and heroine, will some day be a thread in the yarn of their lives. But for a long while it is kept out of sight, and the quiet scenes of life in a country town chronicle the love-affairs, the friendships and the fads of a little set of people, pleasant and unpleasant, but all unaffectedly and easily described. The author loves Elena, the saintly invalid; but the reader, with the notorious perversity of readers, will hurry past her to get to Mrs. Lyon Grindall with her following of "girls," her Browning Society, her quotations and her determination "to do a little good to every one." She says of herself that she lives in the Beatitudes, and when her pupils annoy her she prays for them aloud; so no one can feel surprised when she first repudiates her mother and then prevents her from making a dying confession of supreme importance to others. Lady Octavia, the exponent of the Higher thought, is an amusing crank, and not, like Mrs. Lyon Grindall, a hypocrite. Incidentally we hear of a Christian Scientist who lectured to a room full of people and gave most of them the measles. In fact, the pleasant characters in this novel are all successfully pleasant and sensible, the others are entertaining, and Reuben Latta, the leading villain, is so human and half-hearted in his villainy that we rather like him.

The Beauty Shop. By DANIEL WOODROFFE. (Werner Laurie, 6s.)

"THE Beauty Shop" is not a pleasant book. From beginning to end it tastes nasty. There is but one character in it with the ordinary right feelings of a gentleman, and he is so feebly sketched by the author that he appears a crank when he is meant to be a strong man. For the rest, they are of modern Society, as the Society novelist loves to paint it—vicious, irresponsible, merely animal in their appetites, and below the animals in that conscious service of their appetites which is the main business of their lives. The chief character is a mongrel foreign blackmailer, and to Mr. Woodroffe's credit it must be said that the secret of his being a blackmailer is very fairly well kept to the end. The heroine is a girl who deliberately marries him for his money while she loves another man, and deserves, therefore, all she gets. The book is not ill-written. The author, we suspect, has studied French models—not to the best purpose. The story, no doubt, was written "with a good purpose." The worst of it is that such stories never do any good. They gratify the unwholesome curiosity of people who lack the sense to see the dulness and stupidity of such topics as this.

The Arrow of the North. By R. H. FOSTER. (Long, 6s.)

We seem to remember a recent playful suggestion on the part of a contemporary that reviews might be labelled with the time-honoured α , β , γ , of the University class-lists in order to extend the qualifying range of the limited stock of adjectives at the reviewer's disposal. Or how would it be (in view of the subtle variations of merit to be found in every department of literature) to employ carefully graduated colour-washes? Each subject might have its own colour, while the key to the values of the various tints would, of course, appear on the cover. Apart from the delicate precision thus attainable, how charmingly varied would be the appearance of the printed page! Suppose historical romances, for example,

were to range from crimson through scarlet to palest pink. One might then confer the scarlet on, say, something by Mr. Hewlett, while this little notice of Mr. R. H. Foster's new story might appear upon a quiet pink or an unassuming light red ground. We leave the suggestion to our readers' fancy. At any rate, Mr. Foster's prose work is always good, as far as it goes, and this tale of his well-loved Northumbria in the days of the seventh and eighth Henries is fully representative. He can never be said quite to lose himself in his period; but he looks back upon it with some discernment, and, resting upon the sound belief that human nature varies little from age to age, he peoples his tales with actual and sober *dramatis personæ* well furnished with accurate historical properties and accoutrements. As a boy of twelve, his hero helps to repel the Scottish assault upon Norham Castle in 1597. Later he tumbles into love with a lass on the other side of the border, and, in spite of the schemes of a jealous beauty on his own side and the troubles incidental to those rough times, he survives to win his lady love and to slay his rival in single combat on Flodden Hill. Perhaps, however, the book wins its chief effect by virtue of its "historical geography." Mr. Foster reconstructs a partly vanished countryside with a skill and imagination which alone make his story well worth reading. The preliminaries to the tragedy of Flodden, too, seem to us particularly well described.

THE DRAMA

"LES AFFAIRES SONT LES AFFAIRES" AT THE NEW ROYALTY THEATRE

IT is easy in writing of matters theatrical to indulge in careless use of the superlative. Too much criticism nowadays consists in indiscriminate labelling of plays and acting as "great," "epoch-making" and "unsurpassed," rather than in any reasonable or reasoned attempt to consider the worth of the work of the playwright or the player. Thus it comes about that, seeing M. de Féraudy as Isidore Lechat after having praised Mr. Tree to the skies for his Isidore Izard, the critics are at a loss how to describe the French actor's performance. If only they kept the word "great" and the word "masterpiece" wrapped up in cotton wool for occasional use, they would now be able to bring those treasures forth to the light of day. For M. de Féraudy's performance is a triumph. It is the triumph of an artist over the material given him; it is the triumph of a personality, it is the triumph of a man.

That one should be able to write thus two days after having seen the performance is a proof of its virility. There is little or no recollection of the play, there is but dim remembrance of the other characters in the drama. The mind cannot go beyond this colossal figure of Mammon in the flesh, of this human Mint. But we do not owe this powerful impression to the author, we owe it to the actor.

The production of *Les Affaires sont Les Affaires* is perhaps the best *exposé* of the viciousness of adaptation that could have been afforded us. Whereas Lechat is a comprehensible character (apart now from considerations of acting), Izard was a stage figure, a finicking eccentric, who could no more have dominated the world of finance than could his meek-mannered wife; whereas the daughter is in the French play a clever character-study, in the adaptation she became a mere lay figure; whereas, in fine, *Les Affaires sont Les Affaires* is a real attempt on the part of the dramatist to express a thought, to limn a portrait from life, *Business is Business* was a piece of theatricality built to suit a personality, and very badly built at that.

The French play is not a great work of art. But it is the next best thing: it is an honest attempt at great work. That in M. de Féraudy the author found the ideal exponent of his financier is one of those turns of fortune's wheel for which the playgoer has to be thankful.

FINE ART

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS AND ORGANISATION

THERE is now being held at the Grafton Galleries the triennial celebration of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society, a society which has undoubtedly in a large measure fulfilled what William Morris modestly explained were the objects of its foundation: "to give those artists in the employ of commercial organisers an opportunity of working more directly for the public, and to win for them that applause and sympathy of their brother artists which every good workman naturally desires." This was said at a lecture delivered in Liverpool in the foundation year of this "small and unpretentious" society, 1888. Its work since then has undoubtedly helped to encourage and foster a true appreciation of the meaning of "Craft" as opposed to "Manufacture"; the one synonymous with all that is virile, personal and responsible, the other—with that irony which the derivation of a word often supplies—but the monotonous and lifeless duplication of a machine.

The exhibitions have done more than this. They have made the Crafts a fashion amongst a section of the younger generation of artists, who might otherwise have swelled the ranks of the picture-makers; they have weaned the public from the vulgar notion that to work in wood, iron and the precious metals is less honourable than to palter with more plastic materials; they have, in fact, sown an idea broadcast which is bringing forth some fruit and a plentiful crop of unmaturing buds. With the growth of the idea, we have had more thought and consideration given to the educational aspect of the question. The facilities for being trained in the various arts and crafts have been increased with the development and readjustment of our technical schools. And, although these are very far from being perfect, inasmuch as there is a lack of co-ordination and consistency in the methods and standards which obtain, all that has been done and is being done originated in the Arts and Crafts revival of the 'eighties and has been kept alive since then by the formation of various guilds and the increasing number of their exhibitions.

It may be well here to ask ourselves, before going further, what is the net result so far of the last twenty years of endeavour? The thing which is most apparent is the enormous increase in the number of independent craftsmen, and the absence, hitherto, of any standard of taste as a restraining influence on personal caprice. It has been said that "the tendency is for art to become more and more individualistic and therefore to open up more and more scope for individual expression"; but the danger of accepting such a tendency as a principle on which to work is only now realised to be a false hypothesis. The cult of "New Art" has ramped through its destructive course. It has attempted to throw tradition to the winds and build anew on individual caprice. It has performed prodigious feats of nimbleness in the application of natural forms to construction and abnormal forms to design. But it has burnt itself out under the forced draught of its own energy. Extravagance can only be excelled by extravagance, and there must inevitably come a day when such methods must cry a halt. New Art has served its purpose: to a great extent it had its birth in a reaction against the lethargy of interest which existed in our applied arts. It has excited interest where there was none, and perhaps has brought home to the craftsman, as nothing else could, the wisdom of using "the steadying influence of the old examples, with nature always at hand to verify our references," as Mr. Walter Crane has aptly expressed it. What is principally noteworthy in the present exhibition, as compared with its predecessors, is the apparently universal recognition of this truth; and we observe the steadying influence of tradition on every hand. This being so, it is not surprising to see how harmoniously the diversified units contrast one with another, with but few

exceptions, to make up a pleasing "ensemble." No doubt, good arrangement is responsible for some of this effect, but it is principally the presence of a greater reserve, a more correlative standard of design and inspiration, which binds the works of these craftsmen into closer union than heretofore. Approaching the subject in this spirit, few could be found who would prefer such work as that of Lalique or Gaillard to the delightful jewellery designs of Mr. and Mrs. Gaskin, and many will welcome the renewed life that is given to the allied arts of the miniaturist, the illuminator and the calligrapher in the exquisite designs and paintings of Miss Jessie Bayes and Miss Florence Kingsford and the penmanship of Mr. Graily Hewitt.

With the spell of mediævalism still upon us, we may, without a discordant note being touched, turn to the dignified designs for Gothic windows by Mr. Leonard Walker and Mr. Hugh Arnold. These seem to us to have happily attained a combination of expression and impressiveness, together with the best technical traditions of glass. The furniture is, with few exceptions, true to our best national styles of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The elaborate sideboard exhibited by Messrs. Morris and the Ashbee ironbound writing cabinet, alone stand out as conspicuous failures. Of the Bindings there is but one criticism that suggests itself on work which seems to retain an all-round craftsmanlike excellence; we should prefer to see a less wiry use of tooling and a less insistent use of pattern than that which prevails in some of the more gilded examples. The almost complete absence of wall-paper designs may perhaps be taken as a healthy sign of the revolt against what, at its best, is a most uncraftsmanlike craft, and one in which the designer must have well-nigh played himself out. The very limited display of fabrics can hardly be accounted for so easily, though the few pieces that are shown harmonise most decoratively with their surroundings, which is perhaps the best possible test of their beauty and fitness. The conspicuous centre-pieces of the large gallery, by Mr. Conrad Dressler and Mr. Harold Speed, by their very nature take a place apart from their surroundings, but the former's enamelled earthenware triptych is a masterly handling of the material, in a Della Robbia manner. Without mentioning in detail the many beautiful exhibits in metal ware, pottery and glass, we may draw attention to the sculptured ivories and metal-bound caskets by Mr. Richard Garbe, who seems to be as prolific as he is varied in the manner and material by which he translates his ideas.

If we are to draw any conclusions from the present exhibition, we should say that without showing any work of exceptional brilliancy, it reveals a sanity and restraint in the conception and execution of all branches of the crafts which augur well for the future ability of our craftsmen to tackle works of greater import. This brings us back again to the all-important question of how work is going to be found for their ever-increasing numbers. The fact has to be faced, that the members of what Morris called "the group of gentlemen workmen" stand in a class by themselves, and the tendencies of our present educational and industrial systems appear, not only to increase their numbers, but to keep them in their position of splendid isolation. At present they possess all the privilege of directing public taste and at the same time acting as finger-posts to the manufacturer, without reaping any adequate reward for their services.

To tell the truth, there is but the most meagre demand for craft-work, as such, and it would be interesting to know how many of the exhibitors at the Grafton Galleries depend solely on legitimate craft-work. A few, we know, get their opportunity, but the majority have to be content with employment at the hands of the manufacturer, which, as Morris again has shown, is a sorry substitute for the opportunity of work. That this is no exaggeration of the case is proved by a pamphlet which has been recently published by the Junior Art Workers' Guild; and it is a healthy sign when we find our younger workers not only ready to admit the circumstances but preparing themselves

to overcome them. From a section headed "The Limitations of the Arts and Crafts Movement" we take this indicative passage:

The present problem owes its origin in a great measure to the fact that the Arts and Crafts movement has directed its energies too exclusively to the creation of a supply of skilled craftsmen, on the assumption that a demand for good work might reasonably be left to take care of itself. We fully appreciate the gravity of the situation that has thus been created and the necessity of finding a solution to it. Indeed in this connection we feel ourselves in the position of commissioners in the arts whose duty it is to investigate and collect evidence on these points.

One fact is made clear, that, if commercialism is to have a wholesome check and the prestige of the craftsman to be upheld, there must be a much more complete organisation amongst workers than at present exists. Such an organisation should be sufficiently comprehensive to undertake administrative responsibilities, associating itself with the educational side of the question on the one hand, and the manufacturers on the other. Consisting, as it would, of the best workers and the best thinkers in the various spheres of activity, it would represent those most competent to give the result of their practical experiences for the benefit of our educational system and the advancement of our art industries. Is it too much to hope that by the binding together of our scattered units throughout the land into a federation of art-workers, such influence might be brought to bear upon the taste of the public that it would no longer be worth while for our manufacturers to waste time and capital and the labour of their workmen in producing inferior wares to supply an altogether degrading demand? Might there not at least be achieved some relationship between the manufacturer and the skilled craftsman, whereby a legitimate compromise might be arrived at, which would do honour to their respective spheres of usefulness?

D. H.

AUBREY BEARDSLEY

MIDDLE-AGED, middle-class people with a predilection for mediæval art still believe that subject is an important factor in a picture or drawing. I am one of the number. The subject need not be literary or historical. After you have discussed in the latest studio jargon its carpentry, valued the tones and toned the values, motive or theme must affect your appreciation of a picture, your desire, or the contrary, to possess it. That the artist is able to endow the unattractive and woo you to surrender, I admit. Unless, however, you are a pro-Boer in art matters and hold that Rembrandt and the Boer school (the greatest technicians who ever lived) are finer artists than Titian, you will find yourself preferring Gainsborough to Degas and the unskilful Whistler to the more accomplished Edouard Manet. Long ago French critics invented an æsthetic formula to conceal that poverty of imagination which usually stares from their perfectly executed pictures, and this was eagerly accepted by Englishmen, both painters and writers. Yet, when an artist frankly deals with forbidden subjects, the old canons regular of English art begin to thunder, the critics forget their French accent; the old Robert Adam, which is in all of us, asserts himself; we fly for the fig-leaves.

I am led to these reflections by the memory of Aubrey Beardsley and the reception which his work received, not from the British Public, but from the inner circle of advanced intellectuals. Too much occupied with the obstetrics of art, his superfluity of naughtiness has tarnished his niche in the Temple of Fame. "A wish to épater le bourgeois," says Mr. Arthur Symons, is a natural one. I do not think so; at least in an artist. Now much of Beardsley's work shows the *éblouissement* of the bourgeois on arriving at Montmartre for the first time—a weakness he shared with some of his contemporaries. This must be conceded in praising a great artist for a line which he never drew, after you have taken the immortal Zero's advice and divested yourself of the scruples.

"I would rather be an Academician than an artist," said Aubrey Beardsley to me one day: "it takes thirty-nine men to make an Academician, and only one to make an artist." In that sneer lay all his weakness and his strength. Grave friends (in those days it was the fashion) talked to him of "Dame Nature"—"*Damn Nature!*" retorted Aubrey Beardsley, and pulled down the blinds and worked by gaslight on the finest days. But he was a real Englishman, and from his glass-house he peppered the English public. No Latin could have contrived his arabesque. The grotesques of Jerome Bosch are positively pleasant company beside many of Beardsley's inventions. Even in his odd little landscapes, with their twisted promontories sloping seaward, he suggested mocking laughter; and the flowers of "Under the Hill" are cackling in the grass.

An essay which Mr. Arthur Symons published in 1897, has always been recognised as far the most sympathetic and introspective account of this strange artist's work. It has now been reissued with illustrations by Messrs. Dent (6s. net). Those who welcome it as one of the most inspiring criticisms from an always inspired critic, will regret that eight of the illustrations belong to the worst period of Beardsley's art. The designs for the *Morte Darthur*, with few exceptions, have no artistic significance. Kelmscott dyspepsia following on a surfeit of Burne-Jones belongs to the pathology of style, but it is a phase that should be produced by the prosecution, not by the eloquent advocate for the defence. Moreover, I do not believe Mr. Arthur Symons admires them any more than I do; he never mentions them in the text. "*Le Débris d'un Poète*," the *Coiffing*, *Chopin's Third Ballad*, and those from *Salome* would have sufficed. With these omissions the monograph might have been smaller; but it would have been more truly representative of Beardsley's genius and Mr. Arthur Symons's taste.

At one time or another every one has been brilliant about Beardsley. "Born Puck, he died Pierrot," said Mr. MacColl in one of the superb phrases with which he gibbets into posterity an art or an artist he rather dislikes. "The Fra Angelico of Satanism," wrote Mr. Roger Fry of a recent exhibition of the drawings. There seems hardly anything left even for Mr. Arthur Symons to write. Long anterior to these particular fire-works, however, his criticism is just as fresh as it was eight years ago. I believe it will always remain the terminal essay.

The preface has been revised, and I could wish for some further revision. Why is the name of Mr. Leonard Smithers—here simply called a publisher—omitted, as the other Capulets and Montagus are faithfully recorded? When no one would publish Beardsley's work Mr. Smithers stepped into the breach. I do not know that *The Savoy* exactly healed the breach between Beardsley and the public, but it gave the artist another opportunity; and Mr. Arthur Symons an occasion for song and prose. Mr. Leonard Smithers, too, was the most delightful and irresponsible publisher I ever knew. Who remembers without a kindly feeling the little shop in the Royal Arcade (*et in Arcadia ego*) with its tempting shelves; its limited editions of 5000 copies; the shy, infrequent purchaser; the upstairs room where the roar of respectable Bond Street came faintly through the tightly-closed windows; the genial proprietor? In the closing years of the nineteenth century his silhouette reels (my metaphor is drawn from a Terpsichorean and Caledonian exercise) across an artistic horizon of which *The Savoy* was the after-glow. Again, why is Mr. Arthur Symons so precise about forgetting the date of Beardsley's expulsion from the "Yellow Book"? It was in April 1895, April 10. A number of poets and writers blackmailed Mr. Lane by threatening to withdraw their own publications unless the Beardsley Body was severed from the Bodley Head. I am glad to have this opportunity, not only of paying a tribute to the courage of my friend Mr. Smithers, but of defending my other good friend Mr. John Lane from the absurd criticism of which he has been too long the victim. He could hardly be expected to wreck a valuable business

in the cause of unpopular art. Quite wrongly Beardsley's art had come to be regarded as the pictorial and sympathetic expression of an unfortunate tendency in English literature. But, if there was any relation thereto, it was that of Juvenal towards Roman society. Never was mordant satire more evident. If Beardsley is carried away in spite of himself by the superb invention of *Salome*, he never forgets his hatred of its author. It is characteristic that he hammered beauty from the gold he would have battered into caricature. A veritable antithesis to Strauss, who seemingly destroyed by his music what he wished to re-create. *Salome* has survived both. And Mr. Lane informed an American interviewer a short time ago that since that April Fool's Day poetry had ceased to sell altogether. The bards had unconsciously committed suicide, and *The Yellow Book* perished in the odour of sanctity.

Recommending the perusal of some letters (written by Beardsley to an unnamed friend) published not long ago, Mr. Arthur Symons says: "Here, too, we are in the presence of the real thing." I venture to doubt this. I do not doubt Beardsley's sincerity in the religion he embraced, but his expression of it in the letters. At least, I hope it was insincere. The letters left on me a disagreeable impression, both of the recipient and the correspondent. You wonder if this pietistic friend received a copy of the *Lysistrata* along with the eulogy of St. Alfonso Liguori and Aphra Behn. A fescennine temperament is too often allied with religiosity. It certainly was in Beardsley's case, but I think the other and stronger side of his character should, in justice to his genius, be insisted upon, as Mr. Arthur Symons insists upon it. If we knew that the ill-advised and unnamed friend was the author of certain pseudo-scientific and pornographic works issued in Paris, we should be better able to gauge the unimportance of these letters. Far more interesting would have been those written to Mr. Joseph Pennell, one of the saner influences, or those to the author of this eloquent appreciation.

"It was at Arques," says Mr. Arthur Symons . . . "that I had the only serious, almost solemn, conversation I ever had with Beardsley." You can scarcely believe that any of the conversations between the two were other than serious and solemn, because he approaches Beardsley as he would John Bunyan or Aquinas. Art, literature and life, are all to this engaging writer a scholiast's pilgrim's progress. Beside him Walter Pater, from whom he derives, seems almost flippant—and to have dallied too long in the streets of Vanity Fair.

ROBERT ROSS.

MUSIC

STRAUSS'S "DON JUAN"

BESIDES the pleasure which alternating performances of the London Symphony and Queen's Hall orchestras give their Albert Hall audiences on Sundays, these concerts may also be supposed to develop popular intelligence by titillating its bumps of comparison. Everything in life, of course, depends on the point of view. But, while every one knows where he disagrees with another, it takes some reasoning power to explain satisfactorily why; and this can only be done by comparing the points at issue. For years we have admired the artistic perfection of what is now the London Symphony Orchestra, and many times have seen it forced to rise at the Queen's Hall after the performance of some great work conducted by Henry Wood, in acknowledgment of the enthusiasm of a packed house. For this reason it was a little disappointing to witness the somewhat flat reception vouchsafed to the second and third movements of Tschaikowski's sixth Symphony, when rendered by the same body on Christmas Eve at the Albert Hall. If, on the one hand, it proved that this admirably trained band is as plastic to the ruling *bâton* as water to the wind, on the other it raises the ques-

tion as to how far a less accomplished orchestra in the grip of a more dominant personality may surpass it in interpretation sometimes. It is, in fact, not a matter of playing but of conductorship, and conductorship depends quite as vitally on temperament as on knowledge. Musical knowledge forms, of course, the indispensable skeleton of musical existence; but the human organism would be highly ineffective if people discarded everything but their bones, and we may apply the same principle to music. However, the art of conducting is a gift in itself. Many great men fail as leaders of men, and many thorough musicians, whom no one will suspect of lack of temperament either intellectual or emotional, prove incompetent at the conductor's desk. Tschaikowski himself felt the most extraordinary diffidence when called upon to face an orchestra, even in the interpretation of his own work. That form of nervousness known as losing one's head in public with him assumed the sensation of its being physically loose and in danger of rolling off his shoulders, and, when he took the *bâton* for the first time in his right hand, the left was seen firmly clutching on to his head by its fair beard. Years and experience largely modified this feeling, but conducting was always distasteful to him, and in this art he never reached the proficiency of his contemporary, Berlioz, whose inspiration leavened whatever instrumental body he handled, as yeast does bread.

Besides alternations of orchestras, we have agreeably varied programmes at the Albert Hall, though, as is natural at Christmastide, the themes of most works lately under consideration are based on a belief imbedded in the hearts of all men, whether religious or irreligious—namely, the redemption of the erring through a purer being's love. On Christmas Eve we heard the Overture to Tannhäuser from the London Symphony Orchestra; and the following week Mr. Wood gave us Strauss's symphonic poem, "Don Juan," as the most important item of the programme. Some authorities consider this the Viennese composer's best work, but not perhaps the most characteristic of his peculiar bent. Richly orchestral though it is, it certainly seems less bristling than usual with those eccentricities in which Strauss loves to enclose his ideas. We can get at the kernel without being baffled by the prickly husk. In this composition, we are told, Strauss first declared himself a writer of programme-music, and therefore the work is not to be separated from Lenau's poem, on which it is based. Thus, when all the strings, followed by a passionate *tutti*, rush upwards and downwards in the opening bars, we take these figures to be typical of Don Juan's wayward impulses in process of what is popularly known as "sowing wild oats." Then come the resonant themes introducing the hero's personality. We are treated to a good deal of agitation and discontent on his part, crossed and recrossed by episodes dealing with those divers women whose first appearance always gives him joy. Zerlina trips in on strings and wood wind, and a "blonde countess" sweeps by in a violin solo, to a background of *tremolo* and cascades of *arpeggi* on the harp. This is a most beautiful flowing figure, and we are a little sorry when Don Juan tires of it, which he does—pretty soon. The countess was evidently no better than she should be—too easy a conquest in point of fact—and her themes only serve as introductory to those of the ideal woman for whom the hero through all his experiences has never ceased to yearn. This lady, by name Donna Anna, is apparently a little shy of presenting herself, for fragmentary shadows of her theme come and go before she ventures to appear. When she does, there can be no doubt as to the wisdom of Don Juan's choice. Donna Anna's limpidity of soul is perfectly conveyed to us by clarinet and horn to a delicate accompaniment of other instruments, and for some time Don Juan and the orchestra remain completely under her sway, much to the satisfaction of the audience. We follow this gentle being through her gradual yielding and her lover's inconstancy, till she finally disappears in a minor key—poor thing!—after a last appeal to Don Juan's higher self; and the opening themes, emphasised by the lower strings—mark! the lower strings—

bassoon and brass, drag down the hero's soul into its sad, bad courses again. And, of course, he ends tragically, though the music gives us to understand there is immense enjoyment first. We hear the old themes, suggestive of satiety, after "a gorgeously coloured musical picture of unbridled orgy." He goes mad—so does the music, slightly—then they both recover, and Don Juan meets his end by a duel, in which he allows himself to be despatched. Life having no further charms for him, as the concluding dissonances of the work point out, it can only be resolved, like the music, by death—*pizzicato*. Snap! his soul goes forth; and we wonder how it fared thereafter, and if Donna Anna's prayers were as efficacious as those of Tannhäuser's holy maiden to redeem an erring spirit. The theory of salvation through the vicarious penance, devotion and self-sacrifice of a sister-soul was Wagner's favourite creed, and doubtless recommends itself agreeably to that section of fiery masculinity which loves the things of Time without losing faith in those of Eternity. That this belief can be reduced to an absurdity was once proved to the present writer by an old diplomat, who, recalling with complacency several episodes in a highly coloured career, added piously: "But, whatever my shortcomings, I do not fear that I shall lose my soul—because—*parce que, voyez-vous, j'ai une bonne religieuse qui se flagelle pour moi!*"

Strauss takes himself and his Don Juan extremely seriously, and it is interesting to see that this really noble work was included in the first concert given in Paris last week by the united forces of the London Symphony Orchestra and the Leeds Chorus. The excellence of both vocalists and instrumentalists will doubtless take some of our friends over the water completely by surprise. But it is to be hoped that both countries will benefit artistically by the interchange of thought and aspiration realised in this musical *entente cordiale*.

E #

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

MESSRS. J. M. DENT AND Co. some months ago took over from Messrs. Sampson Low the series of political biographies known as the Queen's Prime Ministers, which they are issuing under the more comprehensive title of "The Prime Ministers of England." They are adding almost immediately a volume on Lord Rosebery by Mr. Samuel Herbert Jeyes. Mr. Stuart J. Reid is the editor of the series, of which several volumes are in third, fourth, and fifth editions, Froude's "Beaconsfield" being in a ninth edition.

Immediately after the General Election will be published a new edition of the "Popular Handbook to the New House of Commons" (1906), with over five hundred portraits and caricature sketches of members, and numerous electoral maps and particulars of the polls, forming a complete record of the new parliament and comparisons with the results of previous general elections. The publishers are the "Pall Mall" Press.

Messrs. T. and T. Clark have in the press, and will publish in the early spring, a new work by the Rev. D. W. Forrest, D.D., of Edinburgh, entitled "The Authority of Christ." While all Christians acknowledge that Authority as final, there is a wide diversity of opinion with reference to what it really covers and the right method of construing it. The purpose of this book is to inquire as to the sphere in which that Authority operates and as to its character within that sphere.

Dr. E. G. Hardy, Vice-Principal of Jesus College, Oxford, is publishing through Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co. a volume of "Studies in Roman History," containing a fairly exhaustive treatment of the attitude of the Roman Government towards Christianity, besides other contributions to the scientific study of Roman history of the kind (now emanating from Oxford) which promises to render less indispensable in the future a knowledge of German works and the German language. It is to be

hoped that the author's impaired vision will not altogether preclude the possibility of a successor to the present volume.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton are publishing immediately three new schoolbooks under the editorship of Mr. E. E. Speight, B.A., F.R.G.S., whose previously issued educational works have had a warm welcome from the teaching world. "The Imperial Reader," edited by the Hon. W. P. Reeves, High Commissioner for New Zealand, formerly Minister of Education in New Zealand, and Mr. Speight, contains a descriptive account of the territories forming the British Empire. In the making of this book Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley, Viscount Milner, the Earl of Dunmore, Sir Harry Johnston, Major-General Baden-Powell, and many other administrators have lent their assistance. "Britain's Sea Story" is the title of a volume edited by Mr. Speight and Mr. R. Morton Nance, and is illustrated from Mr. Nance's paintings of scenes in our naval history. The third schoolbook is "A Nature Reader" for senior students, edited by Sir John Cockburn, K.C.M.G., formerly Premier Minister of Education in South Australia, who is well known in educational circles in this country, and Mr. Speight.

Mr. Charles Hannan's new novel, "Thuka of the Moon," now in the press, will shortly be published by Messrs. Digby, Long and Co., who issued the same author's successful early English novel, "The Coachman with Yellow Lace." Messrs. Digby, Long and Co. will also publish immediately a new novel, entitled "The Cuckoo's Egg," by Mr. Clarence Forestier-Walker, author of the successful novel, "The Chameleon," which ran into three editions.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall are issuing a novel, dealing with life at a public school, entitled "The Bending of a Twig," by Mr. Desmond Coke, the author of that amusing skit, "The Dog from Clarkson's." We understand that Mr. Coke has two aims in view: for the book, as well as showing life as it is at one of our great public schools, will also satirise the false sentiment and melodrama which are often poured into such stories. There will be no effort made to conceal the identity of the particular school, for we hear that the book will be illustrated with many photographs of scenes at Shrewsbury, where the action of the story passes.

On January 29 Mr. Unwin will publish a new story by Mrs. Hamilton Syngé, author of "The Coming of Sonia," a book which was very well received by the critics a year or two ago. The new book, which is entitled "A Supreme Moment," is the story of a brother and sister. Agatha sacrifices herself entirely to her brother, encouraging his weaknesses and accepting his veiled though very real tyranny as her duty. Upon the neighbourhood, well-behaved and self-satisfied, descends a new personality, and it is on the working out of its effect upon everybody that the *motif* of the story depends. There is a mystery about the newcomer. She has a disturbing effect upon several people, leading to the breaking of a long-standing engagement, and other events. In the stress of an intense moment a strange experience comes to Agatha, an experience of the spirit piercing through the material; the explanation of which, whether natural or supernatural, is left to the reader.

On January 29, Mr. Unwin will publish a volume, entitled "Our School out of Doors," by Miss M. Cordelia Leigh, daughter of the late Lord Leigh, and author of "Simple Lessons from Nature," and other works. The book is designed for the assistance of teachers in nature-study who are taking their scholars for outdoor rambles. Two lessons are arranged for each month of the year, dealing in as simple a manner as possible with some of the natural objects common at the different seasons. The subjects chosen include animals, plants, rocks and stones, and also natural phenomena such as clouds, rain, ice and snow. The book is fully illustrated, and has been revised by Lord Avebury, Mr. R. R. Lydekker and Dean Ovendon.

Mr. Unwin is publishing a popular half-crown edition of Mrs. Mary Davies's "The Housewife's What's What—

a Hold-all of Useful Information for the House." It will be ready on January 29. Mr. Unwin is also issuing new impressions of Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves's "Irish Song Book," and the Rev. E. J. Hardy's "How to be Happy though Married."

Less than a fortnight before his death Mr. G. J. Holyoake passed the last proofs of his "History of Co-operation," which is shortly to be published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. The first edition of this work appeared some twenty years ago. The new edition has been practically rewritten, and embodies the history of the movement up to the present day. It is a curious coincidence that only last week Mr. Unwin issued a new edition of Mr. Holyoake's "Public Speaking and Debate." Mr. Unwin is also the publisher of his "Sixty Years of an Agitator's Life," and his second autobiographical volume, "Bygones worth Remembering."

Messrs. Watts are issuing for the Rationalist Press Association, at the popular price of sixpence, Mr. Joseph McCabe's reply to Sir Oliver's "Matter and Life," under the title of "The Origin and Life." The argument, though necessarily somewhat controversial in tone, is mainly constructive in aim.

The same firm are also publishing an essay by Mr. J. M. Robertson on "What to Read," and a somewhat important volume dealing with "The Churches and Modern Thought," by Philip Vivian. The writer endeavours to set forth the reasons why many earnest and thoughtful men and women are unable to belong to the various Christian Churches, and invites candour in considering the grounds of belief.

Mr. Thomas Cobb's new novel, "Mrs. Erricker's Reputation," will be published on Tuesday, by Alston Rivers.

Alston Rivers will publish next month a volume of Thackeray essays now collected for the first time. "The New Sketch Book," as the work is entitled, consists mainly of critical articles, as to the authenticity of which, in spite of their being anonymous, Mr. R. S. Garnett, the editor, entertains no doubt.

On Tuesday next will be published a new and original volume by Mrs. John Lane entitled "The Champagne Standard," a series of impressions of things characteristic in social England and America.

CORRESPONDENCE

EXPLANATIONS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have read with complete agreement your review of my "Selected Poems of Robert Burns." The book was first published some twenty years ago, but I was given no opportunity to correct my old introductory essay for the new edition. With such an opportunity I should have adopted the opinions of the reviewer.

Turning to another matter, may I also express my acquiescence in the topography of Mr. Neilson's letter on "The Clyde Mystery"? In days when canoes navigated the Clyde, beacons were not needed, and as the Langbank and Dumbuck structures belong to the age of canoes they cannot possibly have been meant for beacons. They are, in fact, stations on either side of a ford, so their *raison d'être* is obvious. Dr. Munro himself speaks of "the keepers of the watch tower at the ford of Dumbuck" (*Proceedings Soc. Ant. Scot.*, 1900-1901, p. 296). This explanation is simple and obvious.

I do not think that the reviewer of my little book mentioned the essence of my argument. He speaks of the disputed objects as "cunning forgeries," and no mortal could suspect the regretted Mr. "Donnelly" (as he still calls that investigator) of either forgery or cunning. My point is that many of the disputed objects, though almost without parallel in British sites, have a great number of parallels in most other parts of the globe. I give proofs, the result of special study of the subject. A forger who knew the facts must have been a deeply studious archaeologist; yet, on the theory of fraud, he deposited his fabrications in ancient sites where, in the natural and known course of things, they had no business to be, as the learned forger must have been aware. Herein lies the puzzle, which has not been solved.

January 22.

A. LANG.

THE CLYDE MYSTERY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am sorry that Mr. Neilson has taken my little joke seriously. I am also very sorry to learn that on the day it was written Mr. Donnelly died. If he had lived to read it I feel sure he would have

taken it as it was meant. Mr. Neilson accuses me of two "false statements." First that the Blue Points had human faces carved on them. For this Dr. Munro was my authority. Secondly, that Professor Dawkins said that they were carved. This I never said, nor even hinted.

I cannot but reiterate your reviewer's wish that all who write upon this subject would imitate the admirable good temper shown by Mr. Andrew Lang in his recent book.

I am afraid my little joke was out of place in the ACADEMY, and should have been sent to 10 Bouverie Street.

G. S. LAYARD.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In a letter signed James Neilson which appeared under the above heading in the last issue of the ACADEMY (20th inst.), I find the following statements: "Nor have the 'believers been reduced to a state of confusion' by that great geologist, Professor Boyd Dawkins; they simply went and examined the shells for themselves, and also the use made of them, and find that no reference whatever is made to them in any communication, they were simply handed over. They may have come to the district as manure among other city refuse and been worn as children's toys and dropped among the grass, but if they are forgeries, they are much more likely to be the work of an enemy."

The shells above referred to are two fresh-looking oyster shells, "drilled with one or more holes," which Prof. Boyd Dawkins identified as those of the American oyster known as "Blue Points." Mr. Neilson in the above extract attempts to belittle their significance as evidence of the hand of a "faker" in the production of the much-discussed Clyde relics by informing your readers that *no reference whatever* was made to them in *any communication*. This is not a correct statement; for, in the paper read by the late Mr. Adam Millar, F.S.A. Scot. (one of the excavators of the Dumbuck fort), at the S.A. of Scotland, April 13, 1896, and published in vol. xxx. of their *Proceedings*, these shells, along with the other shells in this fort, are thus described:

"A number of shells have been found: in nearly every case holes have been bored in them, and some attempt at ornamentation has been produced by cutting straight lines in the pearly inner surface of the shells" (p. 305). "Of shell-fish shells the quantity is very small indeed—five oyster-shells, one cockle-shell, and three limpet-shells. The mussel is represented by two fragments only, while of the whelk or periwinkle there is not the slightest trace. It is to be remembered that nearly all these shells bear marks of ornamentation" (p. 306).

In a footnote Mr. Millar gives a minute description of the famous "sculptured limpet-shell having on its inner surface a very good representation of a human face." The editor of the British Archaeological Association (September 1901) published an illustration of what is described as an oyster-shell from Dumbuck having a human face carved on it, which, however, seems to have been a mistake for the limpet-shell from Dumbuck. No wonder that outsiders like your correspondent Mr. Layard and a reviewer of Mr. Lang's book, "The Clyde Mystery," in the current number of the *Reliquary*, should refer to these "blue points" as having human faces on them.

Mr. Neilson seems uncertain about the scientific value of his explanation as to how the "ornamented" "blue points" got among the Dumbuck relics; and so he actually contemplates the alternative of forgery—a fact which Mr. Lang candidly admits—but in that case Mr. Neilson thinks it "much more likely to be the work of an enemy"—which is precisely the theory of Dr. Munro. But if this "enemy" introduced these "blue points" into Dumbuck, why should he not introduce all the "queer things" into the *debris* of the Clyde sites? Once "forgery" or "faking" is admitted, the only question which remains to be solved is, how far the process has been carried, *i.e.*, how many of the Clyde relics come under the same category as the "blue points"?

It may be mentioned that Mr. Millar described the Dumbuck hill-fort, with all its heterogeneous relics, as belonging to a pre-Celtic race of the Stone Age. All the stone implements and ornaments of bone, shale and shell, including the "blue points" and other ornamented oyster shells, are now exhibited in the National Museum. The spearheads of slate and of shale were accepted by the authorities as practicable weapons of that period, until Mr. Lang, some three years later, came on the scene and pronounced them to be "*armes d'apparat* weapons of show or ceremony."

VERITAS.

January 22.

[This correspondence must now cease.—Ed.]

ROBERT BURNS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The notice of Burns in the current number of the ACADEMY begins: "Before these words are in print, Scotland will have celebrated the day when 'a blast o' Janwar win' blew hansel in on Robin.'" This is dated "January 20," but Robert Burns was not born till the 25th; moreover, the storm alluded to, which blew the inmates of the "auld clay biggin" out of doors, and forced them to take refuge in a neighbour's cottage, did not come till eight or nine days later, as stated by Gilbert Burns, the poet's brother. So that the notice of celebration is a little premature.

May I correct a small error in the lines quoted from "Tam o' Shanter"?

"Or like the snow-falls in the river"
should be:

"Or like the snow falls," etc.,
"falls" being a verb, and "like" = "as." This is what Burns wrote, as appears from the early Edinburgh editions; but the mistake is a common one.

C. S. JERRAM.

January 22.

[We are obliged to our correspondent for pointing out the slip in regard to the date of Burns's birth.

The text of the verse of "Tam o' Shanter," as quoted in our review, is that of the earliest Kilmarnock edition, and it is also that adopted by the "Globe" edition, in which special care is paid to textual matters.—ED.]

ENGLISH ÆSTHETICS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The papers are now quite interesting, though you would never suspect the fact from the long lists of provincial towns (of which no one has ever heard since the last election) at present distorting columns usually occupied by those exquisite prose poems, the *Times* advertisements. How you miss them! It always produces a certain thrill to discover some particular morning that it is positively *The Last Day* on which you can secure Whitaker's Almanack for ninepence during the rest of your life, and that if you join the Book Club you will get Bradshaw for nothing! The important news of the evening journal, "Serious illness of a Gaiety Chorus Girl," "Five Babies smothered in Bermondsey," "Victory of the All Blacks," is, of course, for the present relegated to an inferior place. Leader-writers, who a few weeks ago gave Russia the quietus, are now composing epitaphs for the British Empire. But the law reports still hold their own, and here, as always, may be found indications of current thought, more pregnant than the tide of the election. They still afford material for the future short or longer history of the English people by the John Richard Greens of posterity. The decisions of "the most august of human officers," as Mrs. Luxmore called the Bench, are no less romantic than those of the Cadi in the Arabian Nights. This was brought home to me by perusing two cases recently reported in the *Morning Post*—that of Mrs. Rita Marsh, and the disputed will of Miss Browne. I yield to no one, not even to a solicitor, in my ignorance of English law, but I have seldom read judgments which seemed so conspicuously unfair, so characteristic of the precise minimum of æsthetic perception in the English people.

The hostels of Great Britain are famous for their high charges, their badly kept rooms and loathsome cooking and, let me add, their warm welcome. In the reign of Henry III. there was legislation on the subject. The colder and cheaper hospitality of the Continent strikes a chill, I am told by those familiar with both. The hotel selected by a certain Mrs. Rita Marsh was an exception to the ordinary English caravanserai. It was replete with real comfort, but the garden contained an *oubliette*, down which Mrs. Marsh, while walking in the evening, inadvertently fell. On the Continent the *oubliettes* are inside the house, and you are ostentatiously warned of their immediate neighbourhood. These things are managed better in France, if I may say so without offending Tariff Reformers.

The accident disfigured Mrs. Marsh for life, and for the loss of unusual personal attractions an English jury has awarded her only £500! The judge made a joke about it, Mr. Gill was very playful about her photograph, and every one, except, I imagine, Mrs. Marsh, seems to have been satisfied that ample justice was done. The hotel proprietors did not press their counterclaim for a bill of £191! Chivalrous fellows. Still, I can safely say that in France Mrs. Marsh would have been awarded at least four times that amount, though if she had been murdered the proprietors would have only been fined forty francs. But beauty to its fortunate possessors is more valuable than life itself, and the story is to me one of the most pathetic I have heard. To the English mind there is something irresistibly comic when any one falls, morally or physically. It is the basic force of English Farce. Jokes made about those who have never fallen, too great to appease, too high to appal, are voted bad taste. Caricaturists of the mildest order are considered irreverent and vulgar if they burlesque, say, the Archbishop of Canterbury for example, or unpatriotic if they hint that Lord Roberts did not really finish the Boer War when he professed to have done so. After Parnell came to grief I remember the Drury Lane pantomime was full of fire-escapes, and every allusion to the *cause célèbre* produced roars of laughter. Mr. Justice Bigham was only a thorough Englishman when he gently rallied the jury for awarding, as he obviously thought, excessive damages; so little is beauty esteemed in England.

The case of Miss Browne was also singular. She left a trust fund "for the erection of an ornamental structure of Gothic design, such as a market cross, tall clock, street lamp stand, or all combined, in a central part of London, the plan whereof shall be offered for open competition and ultimately decided upon by the Royal Institute of British Architects." The President of the Probate Division said he was satisfied that Miss Browne was not of sound mind, and pronounced against the will, with costs out of the estate. I wonder what the Royal Institute think of this legal testimonial. It seems almost a pity that some one did not dispute Sir Francis Chantry's will years ago on similar grounds. I recommend the suggestion to Mr. MacColl, that it might still be upset.

That would settle once and for all the question whether the administration of the Bequest has evinced evidence of insanity or not. A recent Royal command left the matter undecided. I do not, however, wish to criticise the Trustees, but to defend the memory of Miss Browne (who may have been eccentric in private life) from such a charge, because her testamentary dispositions were a trifle æsthetic. The will was un-English in one respect—"no inscription of my name shall be placed on such erection." Was that the clause which proved her hopelessly mad? The erection was to be Gothic. I know Gothic is out of fashion just now. Ruskin is quite over; the Seven Lamps exploded long ago; but Miss Browne seems to have attended before her death Mr. MacColl's lectures, knew all about "masses" and "tones" in architecture, and wished particular stress to be laid on "the general outline as seen from a good distance." This is greeted by some of the papers as particularly side-splitting and eccentric. Looking at the long unlovely streets of London, never one of the more beautiful cities of Europe, where each new building seems contrived to go one better in sheer ugliness, and even the builders of the Tube stations have ventured into the Vitruvian arena, you can easily suppose that poor Miss Browne, with her views about "general outline seen from a good distance," must have appeared hopelessly insane. The decision of the court is not likely to encourage any further public bequests of this kind. I have cut the British Museum and National Gallery out of my own will already. And I understand for the first time why Mr. MacColl, with his passionate pleading for a living national architecture, for official recognition of past and present English art, is thought by many good people quite odd. How he managed to attract the attention of any but the Lunacy Commissioners I cannot conceive. Valued critic and valued artist, I only hope he will attract no further attention.

Since it is evident that the law will assist in blackening reputations (with the exception of Mr. Druce's) even in the grave, I claim that the Miss Brownes who take advantage of life, and time by the forelock, to put up monuments in the already too hideous thoroughfares should be pronounced *non-compos mentis*. The perpetrators of the erection in High Street, Kensington, hard by St. Mary Abbots, may serve as an example. Inconvenient, vulgar, inapposite, this should debar even the subscribers from obtaining probate for their wills. I invoke posthumous revenge, and claim that at least £500 damages should be paid as compensation to the nearest hospital for the indignant blind.

Q. V.

NEW LIGHTS ON CHAUCER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The material in Mr. Pollard's most interesting "Causerie" of last week's *ACADEMY* is too extensive to be commented upon in the compass of a letter, but there are some points in it which seem to call for notice from admirers and students of Chaucer. I, for one, am not willing to give up a belief in the poet's originality at the bidding of two or more American cousins. Similar attacks on Chaucer's originality have been often made before, even in respect to the very French versifiers now mentioned in Mr. Pollard's essay, and they have been as frequently refuted. Probably the best *résumé* of the whole case is that given by another Transatlantic Professor—T. R. Lounsbury, of Yale University—in his monumental work, "Studies in Chaucer: his Life and Writings."

Although such careful writers as Sir Harris Nicolas impress upon readers the caution which Mr. Pollard urges "of the extreme danger of taking any word which Chaucer writes about himself in verse as literally true," it should, also, be borne in mind that there is a danger in the opposite direction, and it is advisable not to disbelieve any such autobiographical confessions too hastily; until they are proved false, let their author have the benefit of the doubt.

And this caution brings me to my most important point. Various writers besides Mr. Lowes, including, indeed, so eminent an authority as Professor Hales (*ACADEMY*, December 6, 1879) and, apparently, Mr. Pollard himself, assume that it was impossible for Chaucer to have a little garden attached to or by his tower at Aldgate, and that he would not be able to roam into the meads near by, to admire his favourite daisies in the mornings of the merry month of May. And why not, pray? May came twelve days later then, when the Old Style prevailed, and the poets have told us what doings were carried on in that month of flowers. It does not do to regard Aldgate with twentieth-century eyes. If the maps of London, even so late as the Elizabethan period, are referred to, it will be seen that not only were Bishopsgate, Shore-ditch and neighbourhood interspersed with gardens *within* as well as without the walls, but in a map of 1593, before me, Aldgate itself appears to have garden ground about it, and fields closely adjacent. Halliwell-Phillips, in his "Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare," 4th ed., pp. 72-3, 88-9 and 113-118, puts the case very clearly before the reader.

After all, it seems safest not to exchange our "old lamps for new ones" until the old have been proven useless.

JOHN H. INGRAM.

THE IMMORTAL PHRASE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I would point out to Mr. Hutton that my late letter dealt only with Shelley's powers of description and invocation. The truly great poet must be many-sided, and few have surpassed the "Ineffektual One" in range of qualifications. As a lyricist he is unequalled. Note,

in "Prometheus Unbound," the Semi-chorus of Spirits, the melodious endearments of the Earth and the Moon, and Asia's exquisite song, commencing:

"My soul is an enchanted boat."
Perhaps the most beautiful song in our language is:
"Rarely, rarely comest thou,
Spirit of Delight!"

It has but one fault; the fourth verse smells of plagiarism. Mr. Hutton may be able to identify. In the following quotations qualities are displayed which none would think of searching for in Wordsworth. Specimens of amorous rhapsody:

"See, the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No sick flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother;" etc.

Follows, of course, the ineffable "Indian Serenade," and that lovely cameo "Good-night":

"'Good-night?' No, love! the night is ill
Which severs those it should unite;
Let us remain together still—
Then it will be good night."

To match these in wanton yet delicate artifice, Mr. Hutton must go to those ancient masters of the fanciful and passionate, Lodge, Herrick, Suckling, Lovelace. Shelley was dexterous in vivid satire. Read:

"Things whose trade is over ladies
To lean, and flirt and stare and simper,"

and

"Suppers of epic poets—teas
Where small-talk dies in agonies—"

and that wonderful consummating stroke commencing:

"All are damnable and damned."

We must go to the Elizabethan dramatists to equal the following as a specimen of virile invective:

"—two vultures sick for battle,
Two scorpions under one wet stone," etc.

Shelley had many and marvellous gifts, but a poet should be judged by his worst as well as his best. It would be unkind to quote Wordsworth at his worst.

D. GULLIVER.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I be permitted to endorse most heartily Mr. Stanley Hutton's letter in last week's issue of the ACADEMY. He has concisely expressed what must have been in the minds of many of your readers after a perusal of the letters of Mr. Gulliver and Mr. Wright.

Like Mr. Hutton, I am entirely in accordance with your own dictum *re* "the ineffectual angel" as printed in your issue of January 6.

The divine phrase, felicitous and sublime, which one encounters again and again in Wordsworth, only once or twice confronts us in the whole poetic work of Shelley. As "E. R. B." says, "the immortal phrase" in Wordsworth may sometimes be an oasis in a desert; but, speaking of poetry in general, such instances are exceptional; as a rule the immortal phrase is the crest of a sure and indomitable wave of transcendent emotion. Mr. Hutton's excerpts are from poems which are abiding glories in the firmament of our national literature, and in them Wordsworth is peculiarly Wordsworth—they are wholly characteristic of the man, and they stand as convincing evidence of his greatness.

As to whether we should weigh the merits of a poet by the quality of the general bulk of his work, or by isolated instances of undeniable sublimity, is a question not at present on the tapis.

JAMES A. MACKERETH.

January 21.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—This, as affecting Shelley, is a most interesting, not to say incendiary, question. Perhaps one may, for clearness, state it in the form of a proposition as follows:

All great poets are great phrasemakers:

Shelley was not a great phrasemaker:

Therefore Shelley was not a great poet.

Now this is, in effect, a restatement of Matthew Arnold's assertion that Shelley was lacking in "natural magic." "I will not deny," said Arnold, "that Shelley had natural magic in his rhythm: what I deny is that he had it in his language." Just previously Arnold had defined what he meant by "natural magic." "When they speak of the world" (he is writing of Keats and—I think any Frenchman would join with us in smiling at the conjunction—Maurice de Guérin) "they speak like Adam naming by divine inspiration the creatures: their expression corresponds with the thing's essential reality." This inspiration, then, this temperature of mind in which the thought is not so much expressed by the words as fused, so to speak, like some precious metal, by the electric emotion, itself into a molten coinage of splendid words—this Arnold denied to Shelley, and such, I take it, is the position of the writer of the review on Blake in the ACADEMY of December 23.

When to this faculty—the signet of the great poet—is united a "moral profundity" (to use Arnold's phrase), the philosophic mind, we have the very great poet; we have Shakespeare, Dante, Sophocles. Keats, as an instance to the contrary, though by reason of his superb natural magic a great poet, was not one of the supremely great. He

had no "moral profundity." But Wordsworth, it is claimed, fulfilled both these conditions, and must therefore be ranked with the great philosophic poets, with Shakespeare, Dante, and their peers. Well, with the restriction that it is but a slender figure, an extremely attenuated bard, that mounts to these lofty seats (for the bulk of his work, if not positively ugly, is, aesthetically considered, extremely "plain"), I do not think that his right can be seriously disputed. For it is precisely this "moral profundity" that gives greatness to his verse at its best, that spreads an inexplicable sense of space, of magnitude, over such a passage as that quoted by your reviewer—a feeling that derives not from the noble words alone, not from the thought alone, but "a sense sublime of something far more deeply interfused."

But, to return to Shelley, did he possess that gift of "natural magic in his language" which is the essential of the great poet? He did not—as I think. Then was Shelley not a great poet? Such a statement seems to be so absurd that I would prefer at once to destroy, or rather to extend, a definition that would lead to such a preposterous conclusion. Any such rigid definition of the phrase "great poet" as would exclude the greatest lyrists in any language would merely serve to confute itself. For Shelley, as Arnold admitted, had "natural magic in his rhythm," natural magic in his melody. Macaulay, long ago, pointed out that Shelley was a type of the true "bard," the inspired singer. Is there anything so thrilling, so aerial in its music, so lambent, so translucent in texture as Shelley's verse? "It is beautiful," to quote Mr. Edmund Gosse, "beyond the range of praise."

I contend, then (to cut short a letter of inordinate length), that such a supremacy as this in any one of the parts that go to the formation of a poet amounts to greatness. Shelley is the greatest of lyric poets. Therefore Shelley is a great poet.

F. KNOX LINTON.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Stanley Hutton's contribution in this week's ACADEMY to this discussion seems very little to affect the point at issue. He appears to forget the basis on which all controversy rests—personal predilection; and thus his opinion that your previous quotations from Shelley seem only to strengthen the position he defends is worthless.

The familiar and beautiful lines he quotes may seem to him of far greater beauty than those of Shelley, but on many ears their haunting melody is lost, and the supreme excellence he claims for them may seem to exist only as an idea of a fanatical devotee. His quotation of a saying of Coleridge, too, demands some investigation, and, unless he can show it to have been said *after* reading Shelley's verses, it is not likely to influence many who have followed this correspondence with attention. It is impossible in a matter like this to dogmatise. Each mind is the sole arbiter on points of taste, and its decisions are not affected either by pleading or argument.

FRANK TOVARGUE.

January 23.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am willing and anxious to break a lance or two in this tournament, as a Wordsworth champion.

The attempt to settle precisely the respective positions occupied in the Poetic Pantheon by two eminent poets is an exceedingly hazardous one: so much has to be taken into account, so many allowances have to be made. Moreover, there is a childish irrelevancy in this foot-rule system of measurement which may well give us pause; while to draw up a class-list arranging the great creative artists in order of merit—so many marks to each!—argues in the self-appointed examiner more hardihood than discretion or reverence.

Still, when all is said, it should surely be possible to approximate towards a sound estimate, to arrive at a general tentative judgment, of the relative excellences of two such poets as Wordsworth and Shelley.

In the first place, I am confident enough that this cannot be accomplished by the means favoured, apparently, by some of your correspondents—viz., by picking out "purple passages" from each, totting them up, and deciding the question so, proclaiming the victory of the top scorer!

We must take a far wider view of the matter. Premising and assuming that poetry is something indefinitely more than mere word-beauty, expressed in and through rhythm, rhyme, assonance, and sundry other devices—these being but "the trappings and the suits" of the art; believing, rather, that no definition can be other than monstrously inadequate which fails to recognise, as of its very essence, a certain spiritual insight into and interpretative and imaginative fervour in dealing with, man and nature, using formal beauty as a medium, I proceed to consider the claims of Shelley and Wordsworth. Much as I admire the former, the conviction forces itself upon me that Wordsworth is not only the nobler poet but a poet of a *higher order* also; and the chief grounds upon which I base this profound conviction may be set down briefly as follows:

(1) Inasmuch as poetry is, in its larger and more serious aspect as a powerful auxiliary of human progress, concerned closely with "the criticism of life," *actual* life, that poet will be, in *this respect*, the greater whose work deals the more thoroughly, the more intimately, the more consistently and the more vitally with it.

Can one doubt whose message is the prevailing one here? Wordsworth's "criticism of life" is wide, deep, healthful and always in touch with facts and the realities of existence; Shelley's outlook, on the contrary and by contrast, seems shallow, restricted, morbid. He

rarely got a grip of things as they are; his vision of humanity being distorted by a philosophy as false as it was weak.

Shelley was a romantic of the romantics, and his poetry reflects more persistently than that of any other man of the school except Keats, their leading characteristics: aloofness from and want of sympathy with actualities involved in the determined search for ways of escape from real life into unrealisable ideal conditions. But Wordsworth, planting his feet firmly upon the earth, chooses the loftier task of extracting from "the common things that round us lie" the sacred truths they have to impart, thus throwing a light of glory and dignity upon everyday affairs, reconciling us to irksome circumstances, and helping us to refine and sanctify "the passions that build up our human soul" so that we may come to "recognise a grandeur in the beatings of the heart."

(2) Ruskin's definition of poetry as "the suggestion by the imagination of noble grounds for the noble emotions" may further assist our inquiry.

If he is right—as I believe he is—Wordsworth's superiority is evident. Practically his whole business from "Descriptive Sketches" to "Thanksgiving Ode" was the doing what Ruskin said. To accomplish it, he felt himself "a dedicated spirit"; upon it, he concentrated all the forces of mind and heart. His types of humanity were selected, his incidents were related, for this one purpose. His meditations were directed towards it, and his sublime Nature philosophy was subservient to the same end. Surely no one can say this of Shelley.

(3) If the remarks above are just, they partly explain the effect upon men of the writings of the two. Wordsworth's poetry is almost always strengthening, uplifting, joy-bringing and consoling in an extraordinary degree; while Shelley's, by reason of his pessimism and the constant ferment within him of riotous ideas and lawless emotional forces, communicates to us much of his own ill-regulated nature and infects us constantly with depressing feelings, gloomy forebodings and distressing melancholies. Remembering Emerson's maxim, that the quality of poetry may be judged by the frame of mind which it induces in us, can there be doubt, then, on this count, whose place is the higher?

(4) Again, the intellectual and moral range of Wordsworth's is far more extensive than that of Shelley, his outlook upon the world and its activities in every way saner and more mature; he is in more immediate and constant touch with nobler ideas, and treats the vast primitive passions with an elemental grandeur, solemnity and sense of responsibility out of Shelley's reach, and, it would seem, beyond his capacity. Compare for example "Michael" and "The Brothers" with "Julian and Maddalo," the Political Sonnets with "The Masque of Anarchy," "The Prelude" with "Alastor."

(5) In every sense, too, Wordsworth is a more original poet than Shelley. The finest Nature poetry of the latter is little better than an echo of that of the former, whose efforts here partake of the nature of a *Revelation*!

(6) As to technical equipment, Shelley's lyrics are certainly supreme of their sort; but one is not sure whether after all Wordsworth's do not more than make up in subtlety of harmony for what they lack in melody. Besides, Shelley is lyrical and little more; his blank verse is much inferior to that of the other; and in sonnet-writing, in which Wordsworth ranks with Shakespeare and Milton, Shelley scarcely ever rises above the schoolboy-exercise level.

(7) Neither does Shelley ever attain to anything like the spontaneity, inevitableness, effortlessness of Wordsworth. Evidences of labour show through the former's poetry to a most unfortunate extent.

(8) Best test of all: breadth of appeal to persons of all tastes, ages, stages of education, positions in life, occupations, interests, opinions, temperaments and conditions. It is here that Wordsworth's pre-eminence is most clearly seen. Shelley's appeal is to a select coterie; Wordsworth's to mankind. The immensely more extensive literature that has already grown up around the Cumberland poet's work indicates something. But we know, from their own testimony, that people so widely separated mentally and spiritually as, e.g., J. S. Mill, George Eliot, Jowett, G. F. Watts, Coleridge, Hazlitt, Lamb, De Quincey, and hundreds more have written of Wordsworth in terms little short of idolatry, so great reverence and love had they for him.

He is more frequently quoted, too, than any other poet except Shakespeare and Milton; and, showing how his thought is permeating and influencing the best thinking of the day, it is rarely that one takes up any book of note, or leading review, or literary journal without meeting references to him, and often long quotations.

For these and dozens of other reasons, I must place Shelley considerably below Wordsworth, who shall have one, at any rate, of my three votes for poets to represent England in any World Congress.

G. E. BIDDLE.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART.

Newnes's Art Library. *Fra Angelico*. 9½ × 6½. Pp. xxx, 64. (Newnes, 3s. 6d. net.)

[A life of Fra Angelico by Mr. Edgecumbe Staley, and a list of the painter's chief works, divided into localities, a photogravure frontispiece (The Descent from the Cross), and 64 fine reproductions. We are glad to see nine out of the twelve matchless frescoes in the Chapel of St. Lawrence (Niccolò V.) in the Vatican.]

Repertorium für Kunstwissenschaft. xxviii Band, 5 u. 6 Heft. 10½ × 7. Pp. vi, 157. (Berlin, Reimer.)

The Junior Art-Workers' Guild—What it is—and where it stands. An appeal to craftsmen. 9 × 6. Pp. 7. (See p. 94.)

Sawyer, Amy (pictured by). *The Seasons*. 10 × 10. Pp. 13. (Sands, 3s. 6d.) [The Months, rather than the Seasons. Twelve reproductions in colour of drawings, each month being named after a flower, except December, which is Snow. An appropriate quotation opposite each. Miss Sawyer has not Mr. Walter Crane's skill in making flowers out of human beings, but her designs are bold and strong, and one or two, January and November for instance, are very good.]

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Whibley, Charles. *William Pitt*. 8 × 5½. Pp. 347. (Blackwood, 6s. net.) (See p. 85.)

[Illustrated with portraits, caricatures and a facsimile.]
St. John, Christopher. *Henry Irving*. 11½ × 9. Pp. 27. (The Green Sheaf.) ["Christopher St. John," who is known as a playwright, makes a slashing attack on those who dared to say that Sir Henry Irving was not perfection as man, actor and artist.]

Early Lives of Charlemagne. By Eginhard and the Monk of St. Gall. Edited by Professor A. J. Grant. 6½ × 5. Pp. xxxii, 179. (Moring: The King's Classics, 1s. 6d. net.)

[Professor Grant has translated these lives from Jaffé. He adds an introduction and some notes, and there is a good index.]

EDUCATION.

Jack's Mathematical Series. Iliffe, J. W. *The Three Term Arithmetic*. Book VII. 7 × 5. Pp. 88. (Jack, 5d.)

Blackie's *New Concentric Arithmetics*. Book III. By D. M. Cowan. 7½ × 4½. Pp. 80. (Blackie, 4d.)

Workman, W. P. and Cracknell, A. G. *Geometry, Theoretical and Practical*. Part I. 7½ × 5½. Pp. xii, 355. University Tutorial Series. (University Tutorial Press, 3s. 6d.)

[Part II. was reviewed in the ACADEMY (Education Supplement) last week.]
Blackie's Little French Classics. *Chanson de Roland*, racontée pour les enfants par Stéphane Barlet and Léon Duchemin. Pp. vi, 40. (4d.)
Gérard de Nerval: *La Main Enchantée*. Pp. 55. (6d.) Each 6½ × 4½. (Blackie.)

Smith, A. H. *A First Year's French Book on the Oral Method*. 7½ × 5. Pp. x, 139. (Blackie, 1s. 6d.)

Cicero: *Pro Lege Manilia*; with introduction, notes, etc. By W. J. Woodhouse. Illustrated. 7½ × 5. Pp. xi, 128. (Blackie, 2s.)

Blackie's Latin Texts. Cicero: *De Amicitia*. 7½ × 4½. Pp. xiv, 42. (Blackie, 6d. net.)

Price, A. C., and Norwood, C. *A Latin Vocabulary*: in use in the junior forms at Leeds Grammar School. 6½ × 4½. Pp. 19. (Blackie, 4d.)

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Carman, M. C., B.A. *The Function of Words*: a guide to analysis and passing. 7½ × 5½. Pp. x, 156. (Swan Sonnenschein, 2s.)

[Mr. Carman is English Master in the Khedivieh School, Cairo, and his book is intended for those who have already mastered the simplest rudiments of the language.]

Simpson, Percy. *Scenes from Old Play-books*, arranged as an introduction to Shakespeare. 8 × 5½. Pp. viii, 248. (Clarendon Press, 3s. 6d.)

[A very good book. Mr. Simpson has stage-managed performances of Shakespeare at Denstone College, and knows his subject on the practical as well as the theoretical side. His little introductions on "A Shakespearean Play" and "Shakespeare's Theatre" are scholarly and full of life, and his selections well chosen and helped out by stage-directions. The slight liberties he takes with the text are pardonable, considering the object of his book. Glossary and Index, and de Witt's drawing of the Globe Theatre for a frontispiece.]

Jack's Concentric Histories. Cartwright, Thos. *Our Island's Story Step by Step: The Making of Britain*. Pp. 304. *The Making of Europe*. Pp. 271. Each 7½ × 5½. (Jack, 1s. 8d. each.)

Harnsworth Self-Educator. Part 7. 9½ × 6½. Pp. 144. (Carmelite House, 7d.)

FICTION.

Mann, Mary E. *Rose at Honeypot*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 308. (Methuen, 6s.) (See p. 92.)

Stanton, Coralie, and Hosken, Heath. *The Forbidden Man*. 7½ × 5. (White, 6s.)

Pugh, Edwin. *The Spoilers*. 7½ × 4½. (Newnes, 6s.) (See p. 92.)

Waltz, Elizabeth Cherry. *The Ancient Landmark*, a Kentucky Romance. 7½ × 5½. Pp. xv, 269. (Methuen, 6s.)

Coulson Kernahan, Mrs. *The Sinings of Seraphine*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 316. (Long, 6s.)

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HISTORY.

Hesseling, D. C. *Het Negerhollands der Deense Antillen*. Bijdrage tot de Geschiedenis der Nederlandse Taal in Amerika. 9 × 6. Pp. x, 290. (Leiden: Sijthoff, m. 4.25.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Brotherston, R. P. *The Book of Cut Flowers*. 7½ × 5. Pp. xvi, 300. (Foulis, 3s. 6d. net.)

[“A complete guide to the preparing, arranging, and preserving of flowers for decorative purposes.” One of the appendices deals with the Japanese methods.]

The Writers' and Artists' Year-Book, 1906. 7½ × 4½. Pp. viii, 78. (Black, 1s. net.)

The Oxford Year-Book and Directory. 7½ × 5½. Pp. xix, 764. Swan Sonnenschein, 5s. net.)

[This book forms a “second edition of Part I. of the ‘Oxford and Cambridge Yearbook,’” brought up to date. It contains a list of living graduates of Oxford University, with brief details of their careers.]

The Englishwoman's Year-book and Directory, 1906. 7½ × 4½. Pp. 402. (Black, 2s. 6d. net.)

[The twenty-sixth annual issue of this invaluable work, edited by Miss Emily James.]

- Wilmshurst, W. L. *Christianity and Science*. The latest phase. 7x4 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 92. (Rider, 6d. net.)
- Lewis, Caroline. *Lost in Wonderland*. The further adventures of Clara, with fifty illustrations by S. R. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x4 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. xvi, 148. (Heinemann, 2s. 6d.)
- [Mr. Heinemann does well to call attention at the present moment to this most amusing book, published in 1903.]
- Sinclair, William Macdonald, D.D. *The Two Cries*. I. The Cry of the Unemployed. II. The Cry of the Jews in Russia. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x4. Pp. 24. (Melrose, 3d.)
- [Sermons preached in St. Paul's Cathedral by the Archdeacon of London.]
- The Hearst Medical Papyrus*. Hieratic Text in 17 facsimile plates in colotype. With Introduction and Vocabulary by George A. Reisner. 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ x10 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 48, etc. University of California Publications. Egyptian Archaeology, vol. I. (Leipzig: Hinrichs, m. 25.)
- [A duplicate of the Ebers papyrus, brought to Dr. Reisner at Dér-el-Ballas in 1901.]

ORIENTAL.

- Tuhfa Dawi-l-Arab*. Ueber Namen und Nisben bei Bohari, Muslim, Malik, von Ibn Hatib Al-Dohia. Herausgegeben von Dr. Traugott Mann. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ x6 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 33, 201. (Leiden: Brill m. 7.50 net.)
- Wilmshurst, W. L. *The Chief Scripture of India* (The Bhagavad Gita) and its relation to present events. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x4 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 84. (Wellby, 1s. net.)
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POETRY.

- Eaton, Arthur Wentworth. *Poems of the Christian Year*. Pp. 97. *Acadian Ballads and de Soto's Last Dream*. Pp. xii, 107. Each 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5 $\frac{1}{2}$. (New York: Thomas Whittaker, \$1 net each.)
- Noguchi, Yone. *The Summer Cloud*: Prose Poems. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 122. (Tokyo: The Shunyodo, 3s.)
- [A very dainty little book, well-printed on rice-paper with a coloured title-page and marginal drawings of flowers. Mr. Noguchi's prose poems are full of beauty.]
- Salmon, Arthur L. *A Book of Verses*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 75. (Blackwood, 2s. 6d. net.)
- [Mr. Salmon's prose-work is already well known to readers of the ACADEMY, and his verses, to which we shall return in a future issue, are equally worth their attention.]

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

- Wordsworth's Guide to the Lakes*. Fifth edition (1835), with an introduction, appendices, and notes, textual and illustrative, by Ernest de Séincourt. 7x4 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. xxviii, 204. (Frowde, 2s. 6d. net.)
- [Uniform with Mr. Nowell C. Smith's "Wordsworth's Literary Criticism" reviewed in the ACADEMY, January 13, 1906. There is a Map of the Lake District and a few illustrations chosen from books published before the "Guide to the Lakes." Appendices: Wordsworth's letter to Beaumont on Building and Gardening and Laying out of Grounds, and his two letters to the *Morning Post* on the Kendal and Windermere Railway.]
- Nelson's Sixpenny Classics. Fenimore Cooper: *The Last of the Mohicans*. Pp. 424; Dickens: *Oliver Twist*. Pp. 434; *Kensilworth*. Pp. 577. Each 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ x4 $\frac{1}{2}$. (Nelson.)
- Young, Filson. *Mastersingers*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. x, 216. (E. Grant Richards, 5s. net.)
- [Mr. Young's book of essays on musical subjects was originally published in 1901. The new edition leaves the old essays practically as they were, and contains three new ones, on "The Music of the Cafés," "The Spirit of the Piano," and "The Old Cathedral Organists."]
- The Hungry Forties*: Life under the Bread-tax. With an Introduction by Mrs. Cobden Unwin. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 117. Second People's Edition. (Unwin, 6d.)
- Morley, John. *The Life of Richard Cobden*. In five parts. Part I. 9x6. Pp. 208. (Unwin, 6d. net.)
- Blake, William. *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*. 5x3 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 39. (E. Grant Richards: The Venetian Series, No. ii, 6d. net.)
- Lyrics of the Restoration*, from Sir Edward Sherburne to William Congreve. Selected and edited by John and Constance Masefield. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x3 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. xxiv, 282. (E. Grant Richards: The Chapbooks, No. i, 3s. 6d. net.)
- Ruskin Treasures. *Wealth*. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ x2 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 50. (Allen, cloth, 6d. net; leather, 1s. net.)
- [The first of a series of little books on Life, Art, Trade, Work, etc., made up of sentences and paragraphs from Ruskin.]
- Campbell, Lord Archibald. *Reveries*. New edition. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 63. (C. J. Clark, 3s. 6d.)
- Les cents meilleurs poèmes (lyriques) de la langue française*. Choisis par Auguste Dorchain. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x3 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 16, 159. (Gowans and Gray, 6d. net.)
- [From Charles d'Orléans's "Le Temps a laissé son manteau" to Gabriel Vicaire's "Jeunesse." An admirable little selection, at once choice and catholic. One might almost say that it is good that M. de Heredia is dead, that no anthology "des morts" should appear without some of his sonnets. But we could wish "Isotta" and "Cartagena des Indes" had been included.]
- Penny, F. E. *Caste and Creed*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 380. (Chatto and Windus, 6s.)
- [A new edition of a successful novel by the author of "Dilys."]

SCIENCE.

- Haeckel, Ernst. *Last Words on Evolution*: a popular retrospect and summary. Translated from the second edition by Joseph McCabe. With Portrait and three plates. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ x6 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 127. (Owen, 28 Regent Street, 6s. net.)
- [Translations of the three lectures delivered by Professor Haeckel at Berlin in April 1905. "The Controversy about Creation," "The Struggle over our Genealogical Tree," and "The Controversy over the Soul." With Evolutionary Tables and a Postscript on "Evolution and Jesuitism."]

SPORT.

- Waller, P. *How to Play Association Football*. With diagrams. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5. Pp. 79. (Blackie, 1s. net.)
- Spalding's Athletic Library. *Jiu Jitsu*, the effective Japanese mode of self-defence. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5. Pp. 79. (British Sports Publishing Co. Ltd., 6d.)
- [Illustrated by 35 snapshots of K. Koyama and A. Minami, "well-known native experts."]

THEOLOGY.

- Lépiciér, Rev. Fr. A. M., O.S.M. *The Unseen World*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5. Pp. 284. (Kegan Paul, 6s.)
- [*"An Exposition of Catholic Theology in its relation to Modern Spiritism," by the Procurator-General of the Servites and Professor of Divinity in the Propaganda.*]
- Abbott, Edwin A. *Johannine Grammar*. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5 $\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. xxviii, 687. (Black, 16s. 6d. net.)
- [The sixth part of Dr. Abbott's "Diatessarica," the fifth being his "Johannine Vocabulary." That volume (the first of a work of which this is the second) dealt with characteristic Johannine words and synonyms, *i.e.*, with obscurities caused by the meaning of words; this deals with obscurities caused by inflections of all parts of speech, and by combinations of words. The plan of Mr. Abbott's great work is as follows: Book I.: Forms and Combinations of Words (Adjectives, Adverbs, Anacoluthon, Apposition, Article, Asyndeton, Cases, Conjunctions, Ellipsis, Interrogative Sentences, Mood, Negative Particles, Number, Participle, Prepositions, Pronouns, Subject, Tense, Voice). Book II. Arrangement, variation, and repetition of words, and connexion of sentences. Appendices: Twofold meanings and events; and Readings of B not in Westcott and Hort. Indices to "Johannine Vocabulary" and to "Johannine Grammar."]

TRAVEL.

- Maxsted, Hugh Rochfort. *Three Thousand Miles in a Motor-Car*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5. Pp. 144. (Treherne, 2s. 6d. net.)
- [Through France, Italy, and Switzerland. By the author of "Three Men in a Motor-Car," etc. With a map, plan of towns, etc. Illustrated from photographs. The car was a 20 h.p. Léon Bollée.]

THE BOOKSHELF

We notice here a few educational books which, for one reason or another, were omitted from last week's Supplement:

Elementary Graphic Statics. By W. H. Blythe, M.A. (W. Heffer and Sons, Cambridge; Simpkin, Marshall and Co., 1s. 6d.)—The size of this book, about 11 by 8 $\frac{1}{2}$, sufficiently indicates its object, *viz.*, to simplify the subject by large and clear diagrams. This minimises work at the blackboard, while the figures are always available for reference. We can heartily recommend this work to all teachers.

Elementary Physics, Practical and Theoretical. J. N. Brown. (Blackie and Son, 2s. 6d.)—This is the third volume of the *Elementary Physics* edited by Mr. Kerr, of Allan Glen's School, Glasgow. The speciality of the book is a series of experiments, neither difficult nor expensive, illustrating the law of dynamics, hydrostatics and heat, to which are added practical hints which may avert many a disheartening failure.

Examples in Physics. C. E. Jackson, B.A. (Methuen and Co., 2s. 6d.)—Mr. Jackson is Senior Physics Master in Bradford Grammar School. About one-third of his book consists of elementary examples with answers, adapted to a three years' school course. The remainder is made up of Problem Papers which the author claims to be fully up to University Scholarship standard. From a cursory perusal we are disposed to believe that this is the case, and such a collection of original and interesting exercises has, we know, long been a desideratum.

Elementary Chemistry. Progressive Lessons in Experiment and Theory. Part I. (Clarendon Press.)—This book is distinctly a new departure, aiming not so much to teach the facts of Chemistry as to lead pupils to think scientifically by means of them. With this object experiments are described in full detail, so that teachers may be relieved from incessant applications of manipulation, and so be able properly to direct the attention of their class to the interpretation of results.

Elements of Quantitative Analysis. By G. H. Bailey, D.Sc., Ph.D. (Macmillan, 4s. 6d.)—"It is to be feared," says the preface to this volume, which is dated from Victoria University of Manchester, "that the study of Quantitative Analysis is too often restricted to the performance of a series of experiments, the precise significance of which is of little concern to the student." This is the same complaint made by the two authors of the "Elementary Chemistry," and therefore seems to indicate a general defect in the method of teaching this science. Mr. Bailey divides his book into four parts, the first of which is introductory, while the last, giving practical instructions for various technical analyses, will probably be stimulating even to those who never get so far. It is just the manual for a keen and ambitious student.

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